

THE GEOGRAPHIC

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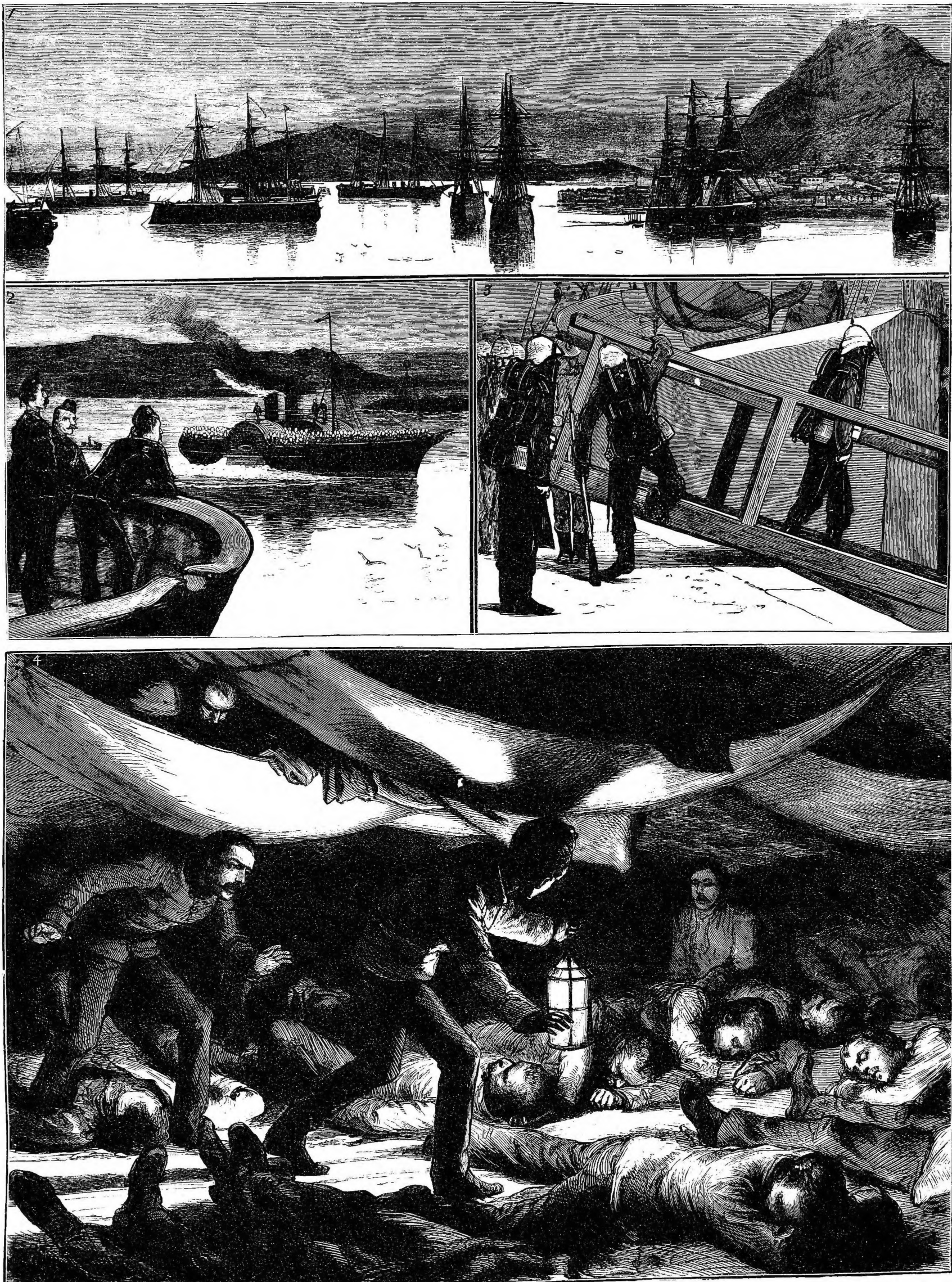
"Hector"
"Valiant"
San Roque

"Warrior"

"Repulse"
"Defence"

"Hercules"

"Tamar"



1. The British Reserve Squadron at Gibraltar.—2. At Plymouth: Marines Coming Off to the Vessel.—3. At Portsmouth: Getting on Board.—4. At Sea: Officers Going Round the Troop-Deck at Night.

THE CRISIS IN EGYPT—THE VOYAGE OF H.M.S. TROOPSHIP "ORONTES"
FROM SKETCHES BY A NAVAL OFFICER

Topics of the Week

THE BOMBARDMENT AT ALEXANDRIA.—There was a general sense of relief when it was known that the forts at Alexandria had been either silenced or destroyed. Of course nobody had supposed that the operation would be attended by very serious danger, but it was not absolutely impossible that there might be some unlucky accident. Although the Egyptians showed more pluck than had been expected, the ironclads were fortunately able to do their work thoroughly. As to the expediency of the bombardment, there is not much difference of opinion in England. It was rendered inevitable by the mad obstinacy of Arabi, who was treated beforehand with a great deal more forbearance than he deserved. The ultimate effects of so decisive a measure are likely to be even more important than those which were immediately intended. England pursues generally so peaceful, sometimes so tame, a policy, that the world had begun to doubt whether she would ever venture again to act promptly and vigorously. Now her real purpose has been made plain. It has been shown that, whatever party may be in power, she will at least secure her route to India; and this, we may be sure, will produce a deep and lasting impression both in the East and in Europe. Henceforth the Conference will have no excuse for dilatory and uncertain proceedings. All along it has been recognised that the interests of England in Egypt are more vital than those of any other Power; and since she has given so clear a proof of her determination to maintain her rights, we may anticipate that the final settlement will be arrived at without undue delay. Turkey would have liked to throw all sorts of obstacles in the way, but in the present temper of Europe—thanks to the firmness of the British Government—her hesitations and intrigues are rendered less mischievous than they have been in any previous crisis during the last few years.

SHIPS AGAINST FORTS.—So few opportunities have fortunately occurred for testing practically the revolution which scientific discoveries have made in naval warfare, that numbers of watchful brains in all parts of the world are now studying the story of Tuesday's bombardment with a keen and purely professional interest. The Crimean War was the last war in which we were engaged where naval operations were practicable; and, scientifically, as great a gulf lies between 1855 and 1882 as between 1855 and the date of the Battle of Trafalgar. Nor have the naval experiences of other nations since then been very extensive. The American Civil War produced some innovations, but the restless energy of inventors has made a period only twenty years old seem ancient history. After this came the Battle of Lissa during the Austro-Prussian War, a few incidents during the Russo-Turkish War, and, perhaps, most instructive of all, had the fights not occurred in such a remote region, the recent struggle between Chili and Peru. Nor has the bombardment of Arabi's earthworks at Alexandria apparently thrown much light on the much-discussed problem of ships *versus* fortifications. The Egyptian strongholds were armed with artillery which a few years ago was regarded as excellent, and which, had it been in position in 1801, would have been capable of sending the two rival fleets in the Bay of Aboukir to the bottom of the sea in the space of a few minutes. But, such is the progress in the manufacture of ordnance, these twelve and eighteen-inch Armstrong guns were as mere toys compared with the twenty-five ton guns on board several of the attacking vessels, or the gigantic eighty-one ton guns of the *Inflexible*. European gunners would probably have served the Egyptian artillery more skilfully, and would perhaps have inflicted considerable damage on our squadron, but even then the contest would have been an unequal one. If, however, the forts had been armed with guns of the latest date, skilfully served, it is at least possible that the ships would have got the worst of the conflict.

ENGLAND AND FRANCE.—The first impression produced in France by the bombardment at Alexandria was not very favourable to this country, and our proceedings are still watched there with considerable suspicion. We may hope, however, that a more friendly temper will soon begin to be manifested. The belief in English "egoism" is so deeply rooted in the minds of Frenchmen that, when a doubt as to our intentions is possible, they are always disposed to accuse us of selfish designs. Of course, every Englishman understands that our Government has no plans regarding Egypt which ought to excite the slightest resentment either in France or any other European country. We interfere for the protection of our own interests, no doubt; but our interests are not incompatible with those of France. On the contrary, she would benefit largely by the attainment of the objects of English policy. When this is thoroughly realised, Frenchmen will cease to talk of our "perfidy," and may even acknowledge that for once England deserves their gratitude. On the whole, we have no reason to regret that the Anglo-French alliance has been put to a rather severe strain. All classes of English politicians desire that there should be a cordial understanding between the two Western Powers. At the same time there are clearly-marked limits beyond which the one cannot afford to be bound by the decisions of the

other. England has so much at stake in the East that she must be free in the last resort to guard her rights at her own time, and in her own way. The French were in some danger of forgetting this fact, and it is satisfactory that no misunderstanding on the subject is likely to arise hereafter.

AN AUTUMN SESSION.—For several Sessions past, Parliament (which virtually means the House of Commons) has come signally to grief as a law-making machine. Formerly, the annual "massacre of the innocents" meant the Bills of private members. Nowadays the Government, although backed by an unusually strong majority, can scarcely get any of their own measures, solemnly put forth in the Queen's Speech, passed into Acts. Ireland is, as every one knows, in two ways the origin of all the mischief. Long before the agitation which began in the autumn of 1879, and which has continued ever since, the Home Rule members introduced their system of obstruction. They diligently studied the Rules of the House, and discovered that a compact body of members, not exceeding a score in number, could, by abandoning all scrupulousness and delicacy, most effectually impede the business of some six hundred colleagues. These obstructive tactics were at first displayed for the mere sake of obstruction, for the purpose of forcing the House, out of sheer disgust and weariness, into granting Ireland some degree of separation (more or less decisive) from the British Empire; but the same tactics have since been often employed in relentlessly opposing any measures intended to put down outrage in Ireland. Every sensible person now admits that, in consequence of the vagaries of this alien element (which has unfortunately found imitators in other quarters), some alterations in the Rules of Procedure are absolutely necessary. This might easily have been managed if Mr. Gladstone possessed some of that useful faculty for managing men which appertained to his distinguished predecessor in the Premiership. Instead of this, after wasting as much time as all the Irish Irreconcilables put together in a virulent assault on the Peers for daring to investigate his wonderful Land Act (which is now acknowledged by his own partisans to be a failure), he brought forward a *clôture* proposition, which was distasteful to many of his own followers, but which he obstinately refused to modify in accordance with the general sense of the House. The result is that, barring accidents (and accidents in the present stormy condition of the political atmosphere are not improbable), honourable members are to be dragged back to Westminster in the middle of October for the purpose of discussing the Rules of Debate. If Mr. Gladstone shows himself reasonable, and other topics do not insist on cropping up, the adjourned Session may possibly be brief; but if, on the other hand, he aims at forging an instrument which will enable intolerant Radicalism to overbear all opposition, he will not gain his point without prolonged and determined resistance.

RADICALS AND THE GOVERNMENT.—At the time of the last general election it would have seemed incredible that in the short space of two years the Radicals would become restless and discontented. Many of them, however, do not conceal that they have already withdrawn their confidence from the Government. They resent the maintenance of a coercive policy in Ireland, but, above all, as was shown in the debate of Wednesday, they condemn the spirit in which the Egyptian difficulty is being dealt with. That they should have a vague sense of uneasiness about Mr. Gladstone's foreign policy is natural enough; for in opposing Tory "aggressiveness" both they and he used language which cannot be easily reconciled with the energy now displayed. But apart from this general feeling it is not very easy to understand why the action of the Government should be disliked by those Radicals who admit that we cannot allow the Suez Canal to be imperilled. They assert that if we had come to an understanding with Arabi the Suez Canal would have been in no danger; but, after all, this is a mere assumption, and an assumption opposed to all really trustworthy evidence. Arabi is an ordinary military adventurer, and it is ridiculous to pretend that if he had become supreme he would have favoured the establishment of free institutions. His rule would have meant either the rule of the Porte or something even less civilised; and it is as certain as anything of the kind can be that his despotism would have led to chronic disorder. By supporting him, therefore, we should have done no good to the Egyptians, and much harm to ourselves. Fortunately, the Government have the satisfaction of knowing that if they have displeased one section of their followers they have acted in accordance with the convictions of the great majority of the Liberal party without giving offence to the Conservatives.

THE BISHOP AND THE PLEDGE.—We trust that there is some mistake about the Bishop of Lincoln's letter to the Mayor of Grimsby. Why the Bishop should have written to the Mayor at all, especially on the subject of abstention from alcohol, is not apparent. Mayors are not usually ascetics, nor, in cases of conscience, are they apt to consult Bishops. It is stated, however, that the Bishop of Lincoln has written to the Mayor of Grimsby, conveying, in comminatory language of very great force, his ideas about the so-called Temperance Pledge. The pledge, according to this epistle, is, "not scriptural." Were there not some Biblical "abstainers" called Nazarenes, who took a pledge which cannot have been unscriptural? Perhaps the Bishop, like the Scotch lady of the fable, thinks that was under a

different dispensation, and inconsistent with Christian privileges. The Bishop then goes on, if he is correctly reported, to maintain that the pledge "undermines" one of the central dogmas of faith. Moreover, he who takes the pledge and does not keep it "weakens the bands of society," especially, we should say, the "Band of Hope," a band devoted to the cause of Temperance. The people who take the pledge and don't break it often injure their health, and refuse what Prowse celebrated as "the tonic treatment."—"Man never was to reel about And stagger in the street meant; Now *that's* a danger which no doubt Attends the tonic treatment." Finally, "the pledge is both unscriptural and heretical, and it is a deadly sin to sign it." This reminds one pleasantly of the statement that "the conduct of St. Augustine in interfering with the Church of Britain was both un-Catholic and uncalled-for." We hope that this is a forged and apocryphal epistle of the good Theocritean prelate's, for, if it is a deadly sin to sign the pledge, there may be lots of other unsuspected deadly sins, which we commit unconsciously. Lawn-tennis may be—indeed, it is—"unscriptural," and a glass of Apollinaris water may contain a deadly sin.

IRISH CRIME AND THE GOVERNMENT.—The Prevention of Crime Bill, after its tempestuous passage through the Commons, floated swiftly over the tranquil waters of the Lords, and has now received the Royal Assent. The Government, therefore, have at length got a weapon of their own forging, which, if they resolve to use it vigorously, ought to check outrages in the sister island. It is difficult for persons on this side of St. George's Channel, who live secure from the terrors of maltreatment and assassination, to realise what a boon this Act will be, if properly administered, to thousands of peaceable Irishmen and Irishwomen of all classes. Not landlords only, or landlords' agents, but farmers and labourers, poor as well as well-to-do, have been for many months past exposed to the vengeance of an invisible organisation, which even up to the present moment exercises a more genuine authority than that of the Viceroy. But will the Government use the Act as if they really believed in its efficacy? They pushed the Bill at the last moment through the Lower House with a disregard of the privileges of individual members worthy of Colonel Pride, yet they themselves still seem to be guided by their Radical tail which (except in Egypt) is instinctively tender-hearted towards all lawless persons. Otherwise, how was it that Mr. Gladstone went out of his way to court a well-merited defeat by his proposal that the search for arms and other apparatus of outrage should be limited to the hours of daylight? The common sense of the House revolted against the absurdity of thus playing into the hands of assassins. Still, it is disquieting to remember that the man who thus deliberately attempted to stultify one of the most important clauses of a Bill framed by himself happens to be the Queen's principal adviser, and can therefore, if he pleases, "burke" the effects of the measure by a studied unwillingness to put it into operation.

A VERY IRISH LITTLE BOY.—"The little boys begin to shoot and stab," Mr. Tennyson says in speaking of Revolutionary France. In Ireland, too, one little boy, at least, has begun, if not to stab, to shoot. This infant in arms is aged about nine years. Like the child in Barrington's "Memoirs," he had possessed himself of a small pistol, and, like the same child, wanted "to shoot them all in the morning." Armed with his tiny revolver, the infant went forth in a disturbed district, to the peacefulness of which he did not materially contribute. He "fired at various objects" as he took his walks abroad, and hit none of them. He was returning in chagrin, when he saw a labourer working in one of his mother's fields. Now we hope this little boy argued that, having missed so many objects already, he would also miss the labourer, if he aimed at him. Aim at him he did, and was not content with a single pot at this industrious man. No, he fired a number of shots, some of which took effect on the person of the proletarian. Why the labourer did not run away we are not informed, but probably he was a member of a secret society, and, fancying he was being attacked by its orders, loyally submitted. In the case of this outrage strange to say, an arrest *has* been made. The young sportsman is awaiting trial in prison. It is high time, indeed, that an example should be made, and we have scant pity for the hero of the revolver. He will be taught that the Government, though uncommonly merciful, is not to be bearded by Fellaheen and small boys.

THE CAPE ROUTE & THE SUEZ CANAL.—A glance at the map will show that the voyage to Australia is not shortened nearly so much as that to India by the construction of the Suez Canal, and, soon after the massacre of June 11th, the Orient Company, rather than run any risks, decided to send their vessels round the Cape. Now that we are actually at war, if not with Egypt, at all events with the *de facto* rulers of Egypt, the security of the Canal becomes still more doubtful. If open now, who will guarantee that it will be open a fortnight hence? This is a serious matter for shipowners, as if a vessel bound, let us suppose, for some Indian port, finds herself turned back at Port Said, she will have to retrace her steps along the whole length of the Mediterranean. Such being the state of the case it is cheering to read the letter of Mr. Norwood, who is a practical shipowner, and knows what he is writing about. The gist of his argument is that the total closure of the Suez Canal need not cause us more than

temporary inconvenience in our communications with India and China. The reason for his complacency is that ocean steamers are now being built capable of achieving a rate of speed which would have been thought marvellous even twenty years ago. Every one was lately interested in the rapid passage of the tea-clipper, *Stirling Castle*, from China. The *Alaska*, of the Guion Line, recently steamed from Sandy Hook (New York Harbour) to Queenstown in six days, twenty-two hours, indicating a continuous speed of upwards of four hundred nautical miles daily, and Mr. Norwood believes that a new vessel now building, the *Oregon*, will eclipse the performances of the *Alaska*. He reckons that either of these vessels could carry troops from Plymouth to Calcutta (allowing for coaling at the Cape) in twenty-six days, whereas the P. and O. steamers average from Gravesend to Bombay (through the Canal) thirty-seven days. It is plain then, that where speedy transit is required, as for troops, or other passengers, the Cape route, with properly equipped steamers, need cause no delay; while for bulky goods speed is a matter of secondary importance.

TEMPORARY LAWS.—A Parliamentary paper, published the other day, sets forth the temporary measures which are now in force, and the dates at which they expire. There are fifty Acts of this kind, no fewer than twelve of them relating to Ireland. The last generation of English politicians would have been astonished if they could have foreseen that temporary legislation would be resorted to so largely. To them the chief recommendation of any proposed measure was its "finality." In these days we are less confident, and do not like to commit ourselves absolutely to any scheme. We prefer, if possible, to retain the power of reconsidering our decisions, and of reconsidering them at no very distant date. The change has its inconveniences; but, on the whole, it is better adapted to the existing conditions of society than the more thorough-going method. The most prominent characteristic of modern civilisation is the complexity of its relations, and a necessary consequence is that it becomes increasingly difficult to foretell what will be the precise effect of any given law. We may wish to produce one particular result; but it often happens that the means used for our special purpose affect influences which have been overlooked, and thus we achieve very much more, or it may be very much less, than we have intended. Temporary legislation is the only possible way of escaping from this difficulty. It enables us to make experiments, and gives us an opportunity of retracing our steps if we find that we have committed errors in our calculations. There never were so many or such urgent calls for Parliamentary action as at the present time. Large classes of Englishmen seem to have convinced themselves that nothing which is not done by the State can be done well. If this temper proves to be lasting, the tendency will probably be to restrict more and more the sphere of "final" legislation.

MOTHERS-IN-LAW.—There seems to be some justification, after all, for the primitive human view of mothers-in-law. As all students of manners and customs know, early and untutored man regards a mother-in-law as a dazzling beguiler, only too likely to withdraw the husband's affections from his young bride. It is a case of *filia pulchra, mater pulchrior*. This theory finds expression in the almost universal rule of savage etiquette, which forbids a man to have any dealings whatever with his mother-in-law. In Zululand, in Australia, among some wild American races, and, we believe, to a certain extent in Bulgaria, the son-in-law and mother-in-law *hlonipa* each other. *Hlonipa* is an African word equivalent to our "Boycott." These relations are not on speaking, nor even on bowing terms, and when a mother-in-law accidentally meets her son-in-law, she is obliged to "shirk," by concealing herself in a reed-bed, or getting behind a tree. If these rules were practised in English life, "a well-dressed young woman of nineteen" would have escaped a severe, and even unprecedented domestic misfortune. This poor girl recently had to inform a magistrate that her own mother had run away with her husband. This *mère coupable* came to stay with the young people, and far from provoking (as now and then occurs) the dislike of the husband, she won his affections, and, at last, withdrew him from his hearth and home. If events of this kind were frequent, it would be positively necessary to revive the custom of *hlonipa*, a "conquest of culture," as Mr. Arnold might say, which we have for some time abandoned. It would have to be understood that mothers-in-law and sons-in-law were no longer to live on a footing of friendly neutrality. When the son-in-law entered a room where his wife's mother chanced to be, that lady would hide behind a curtain or jump out of the window.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA TWO-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, entitled "BEFORE THE BOMBARDMENT—ALEXANDRIA."—Next week we hope to publish SKETCHES of the ACTUAL BOMBARDMENT, our SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. C. VILLIERS, having been on board H.M.S. "CONDOR" during the engagement.

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THE CRISIS IN EGYPT
ON BOARD THE TROOPSHIP "ORONTES"
We have already chronicled and illustrated the departure from Portsmouth of the troopship *Orontes* for the East, with detachments of Royal Marine Light Infantry and Royal Marine Artillery, and we now depict some incidents of her voyage to Gibraltar. The sketches, kindly forwarded by an officer of the expedition, are sufficiently explained by their titles.

REVIEW OF THE NAVAL RESERVE MEN AT GIBRALTAR
THIS inspection of the two thousand Naval Reserve men of the Coastguard, who are now serving in the Reserve Squadron under the Duke of Edinburgh, took place at Gibraltar during the recent visit of the Dukes of Edinburgh and Connaught. "On landing from the ships," writes our correspondent, "the men were divided into four battalions, and marched through the town, each being led by a military band, which eventually became massed on arriving on the ground. The march past was considered very good, and considerable praise was awarded to the artillery, consisting of six field guns, each drawn by about sixteen men. At the saluting point the Duke of Edinburgh stood in Naval uniform, the Duke of Connaught was mounted, as also Lord Napier. On their arrival on the ground the guns were drawn up in line, and a Royal salute fired; a salute being also fired from the galleries. This is very seldom done, and the effect was very strange as the smoke from the guns issued from the face of the rock.

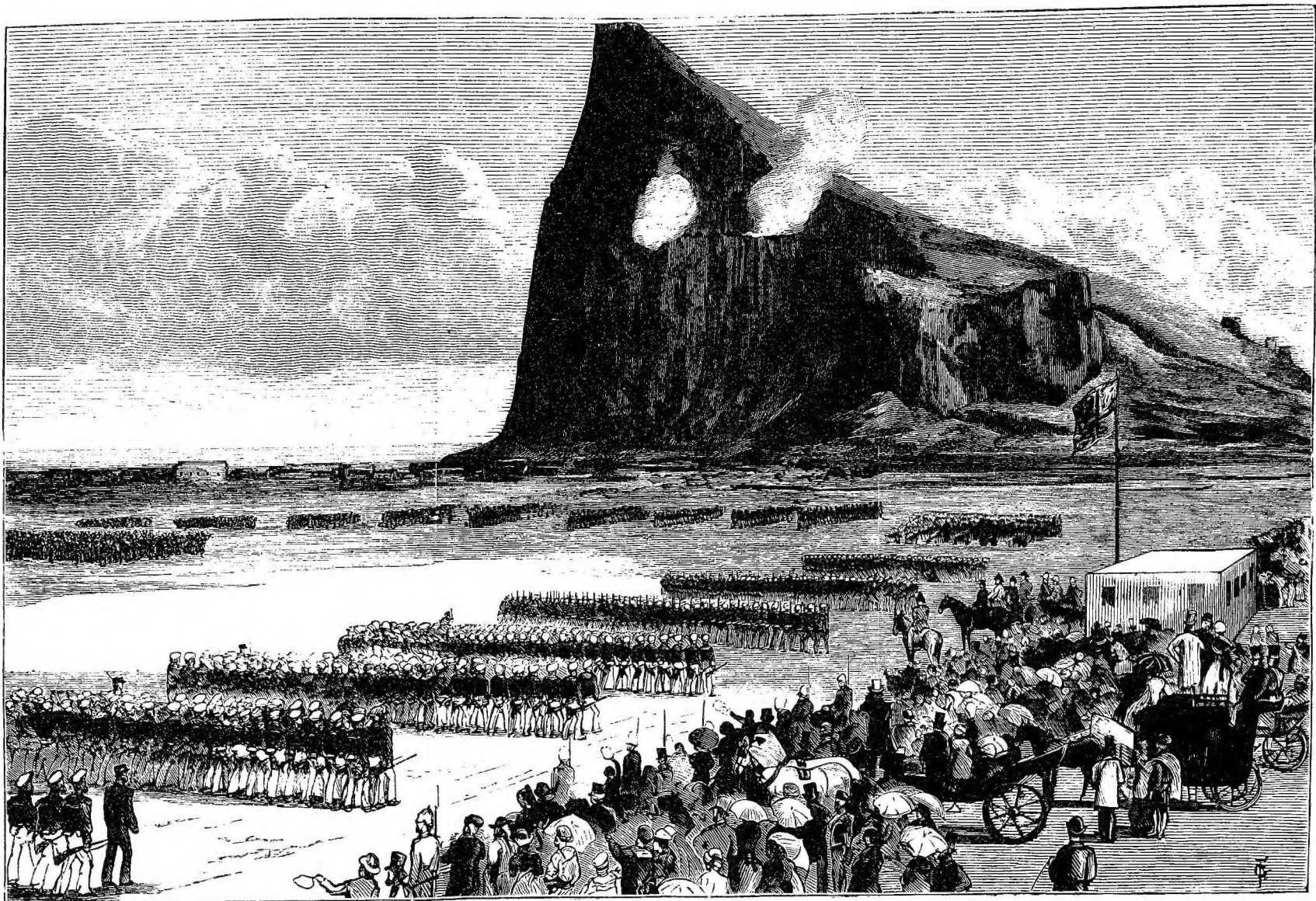
ALEXANDRIA: SUNDAY SCHOOL ON BOARD THE "ROSINA"
"THERE IS A HAPPY LAND, FAR, FAR AWAY"
"SUNDAY-SCHOOL," writes our special artist, "was held on board the refugee ship, the children's favourite hymn bearing the above title, which was terribly suggestive of the danger they had just escaped."

ALEXANDRIA: THE ATFEH CANAL
THIS sketch, kindly forwarded by Mr. Charles Royle, of Alexandria, shows the freshwater canal by which Alexandria is connected with the Nile, and which supplies the city with drinkable water—being in fact, the Alexandrian "New River." The canal, which is generally known as the Mahmoodeeyeh, was constructed by Mahomed Ali in 1820. It begins at the village of Atfeh, on the Rosetta branch of the Nile, and has a total length of fifty miles, with an average width of about a hundred feet. For part of its course the canal, we are told in Mr. Murray's admirable handbook, is identical with the ancient Canopic branch of the Nile, and the old canal of Fooah, which was used in the time of the Venetians for carrying goods to Alexandria.

BEFORE THE BOMBARDMENT OF ALEXANDRIA
THE various sketches of the forts which were intended to defend Alexandria from the bombardment of the British fleet were despatched by our Special Artist yesterday (Friday) week, four days before the bombardment began. They need little explanation, as they speak for themselves, while the result of the opposition offered to the British attack is chronicled in the "Foreign News." We may mention, however, that Fort Napoleon, situated more in the town than the harbour forts, was looked upon as the only fort which was capable of delivering a plunging fire upon the fleet in the harbour.
"Preparing to defend the Alexandria Waterworks.—Mr. Cornish, the Manager of the Alexandria Waterworks Company," writes our special artist, "has gallantly stuck to his post, and with a few remaining European hands intends to defend the Company's valuable works, and keep up the supply of water against all odds. So far has he succeeded in fortifying the building, that, with a very few men, he could hold out for several days if artillery is not brought against it, at all events till the arrival of the troops of occupation, should the Egyptian question be settled in that way. The approach to the door of the pumping room is mined in many places, and crates of soda water bottles, filled with powder, and connected with electric wires communicate with the upper storey of the building. There Mr. Cornish can spring each of the mines at pleasure by touching various electric buttons in the wall by the side of a loop-holed window, a looking-glass on the opposite side of the window reflecting to the operator the whole of the approach below. If the mob should not be sufficiently checked at the time by this demonstration, a steam jet of great power can be started from the ground in front of the doors of the building, where Mr. Cornish and his gallant little garrison hope to make very good practice with express rifles from the barricaded windows. An interesting fact in connection with the Company is that it supplies 110 fountains in Alexandria belonging to the Water Carriers' Association, who convey the precious liquid from the fountains to the consumers in skins. For this privilege they pay the Waterworks Company the sum of eleven thousand pounds per annum."

THE BRITISH CONSULATE
"THE British Consulate presents a very deserted appearance just now. The few soldiers lounging about on guard are the only human beings seen near the place during the greater part of the day."

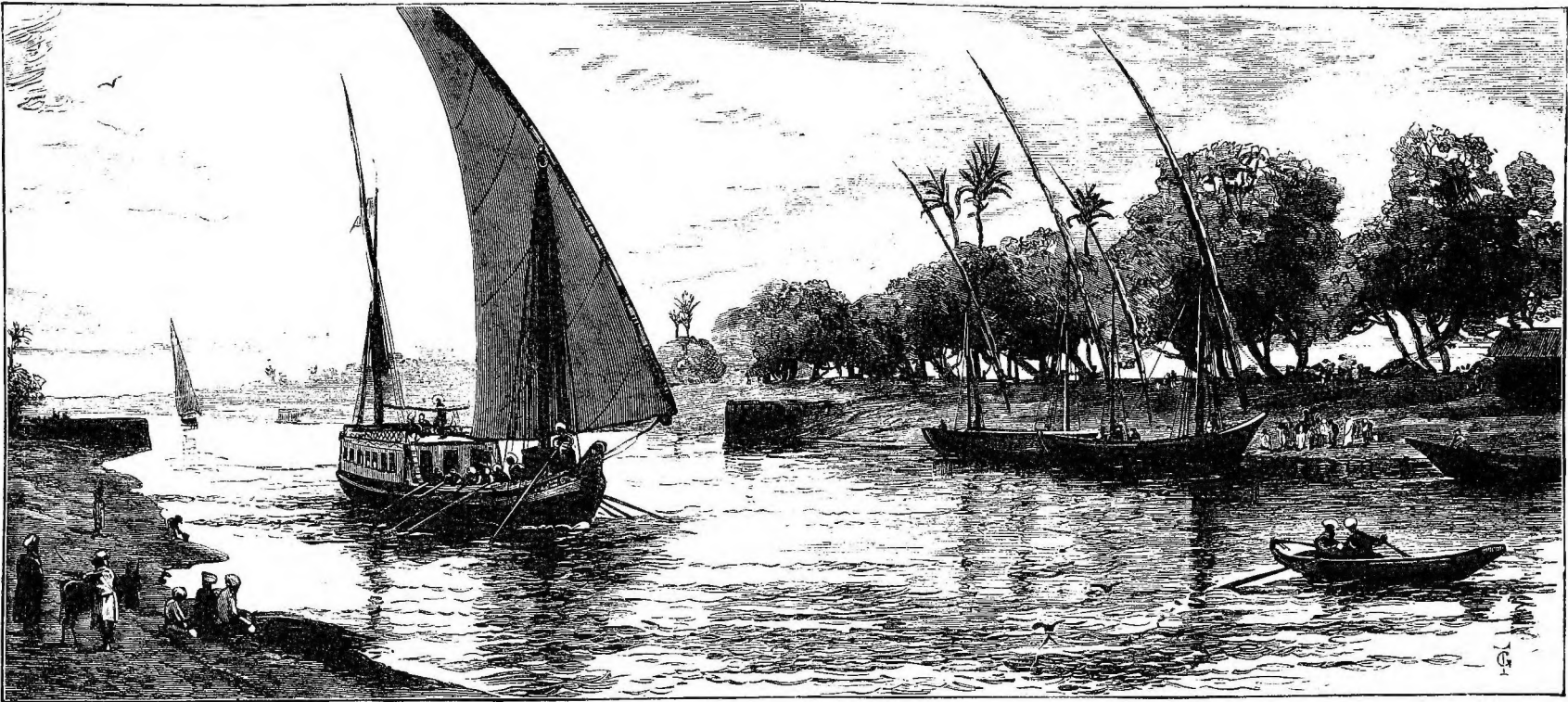
NOTES ON BOARD THE "SARMATIAN"
THE return of H.R.H. the Princess Louise to Canada was made the occasion of much public rejoicing in the colony, especially at Quebec, where, on the arrival of the Allan steamship *Sarmatian*, from Liverpool, her Royal Highness was welcomed with every demonstration of loyalty by crowds of the citizens, in whose name an address of congratulation was presented by the Mayor. The *Sarmatian* made a fair passage, and the Princess enjoyed the voyage, suffering very little from sea-sickness. There were about 1,000 passengers on board, 900 of whom were steerage emigrants, and in these the Princess manifested considerable interest, visiting their quarters from time to time with her lady attendants, and conversing freely with many of them concerning their condition and prospects. Such gracious behaviour naturally made her a prime favourite, and her appearance in the forward part of the vessel always created a flutter of pleasurable excitement amongst them. Our engravings are from photographs taken by one of the passengers (an amateur) whilst the *Sarmatian* was steaming at full speed. It will be seen from the titles that the artist aspires to be something of a humourist. In one scene we have a playful suggestion of his own agony at the supreme



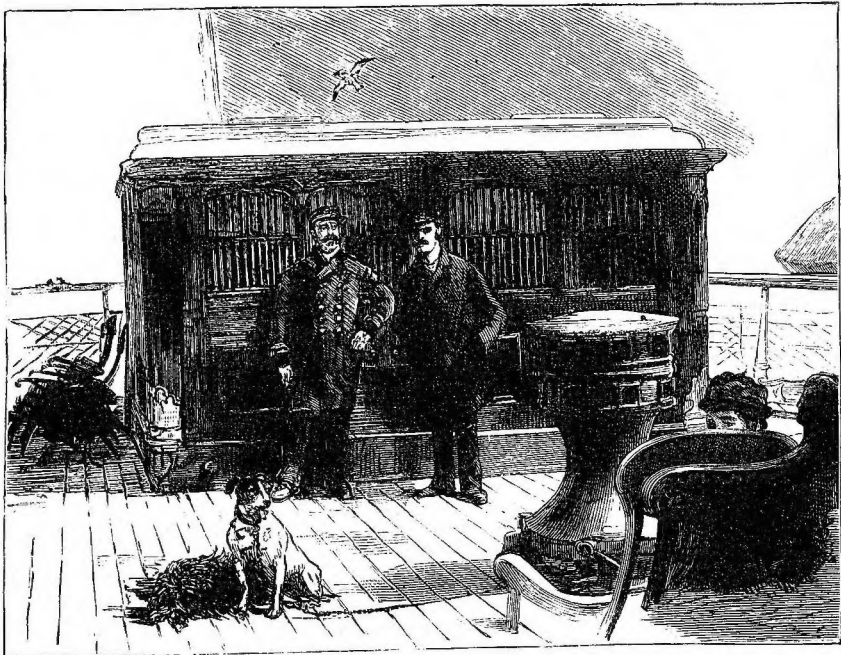
GIBRALTAR—REVIEW OF TWO THOUSAND RESERVE MEN (COAST GUARD) BY THE DUKES OF EDINBURGH AND CONNAUGHT
From a Sketch by a Naval Officer



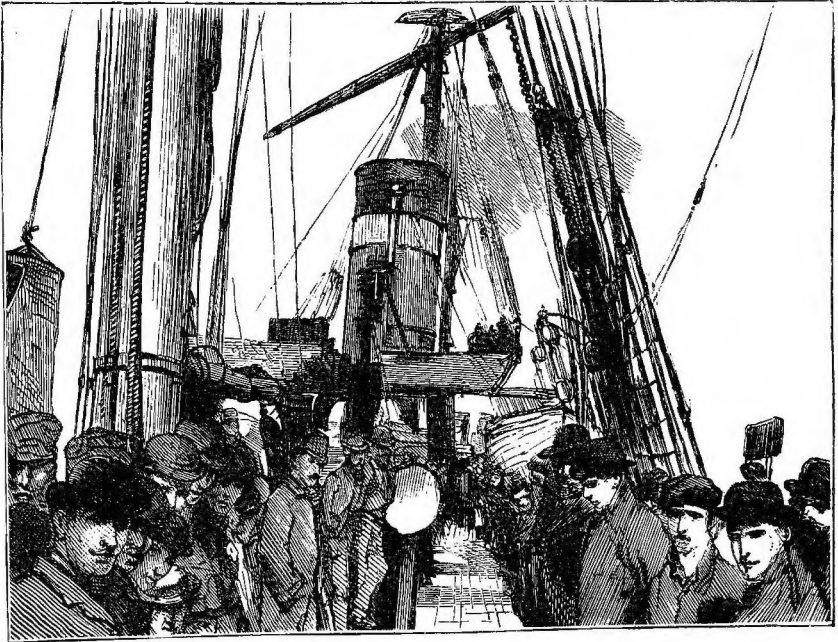
ALEXANDRIA—SUNDAY-SCHOOL ON BOARD THE REFUGEE-SHIP "ROSINA"
From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. F. Villiers



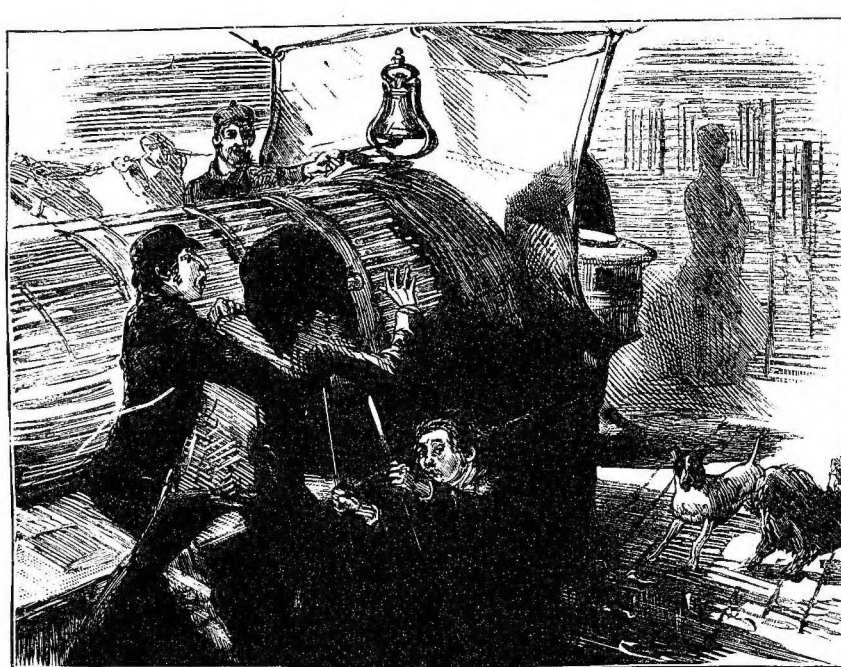
THE CRISIS IN EGYPT — THE ATFEH CANAL, WHICH CONNECTS ALEXANDRIA WITH THE NILE



THE SHIP'S DOCTORS (MR. A., MR. B., AND "GULL") — THE PRINCESS'S DOGS PUTTING OUT THEIR TONGUES



AMONG THE EMIGRANTS — THE PRINCESS HAS JUST GONE "FORWARD"



THE ARTIST'S AGONY — "NOW : THE PRINCESS IS JUST COMING"



LAND HO ! A YOUNG EMIGRANT CROSSING THE LINE

NOTES ON BOARD THE "SARMATIAN" DURING THE RECENT VOYAGE OF THE PRINCESS LOUISE
ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

moment when, with levelled camera, he awaits the appearance of the Princess; in another the ship's doctors, Messrs A., B., and Gull (the latter being a feathered biped, not the eminent English physician) are depicted, apparently holding a consultation as to the health of the Princess's dogs, who, like tractable patients, are loling out their tongues for inspection; in a third an infant emigrant is shown in the act of "crossing the line," though the course of the *Sarmatian* at no time approached near the equator; and finally we have a group of delighted steerage passengers watching the movements of the Princess, who has just gone "forward."

THE "HOPE" ARCTIC RELIEF SHIP

OUR engraving represents the steam whaler *Hope*, of Peterhead, which was chartered for the relief of the exploring yacht *Eira*, which left this country last spring, and has not been heard of since the 26th of July last, when she was sighted off the coast of Nova Zembla by a Norwegian vessel. Considering the open season in August of last year, Arctic navigators of experience consider it likely that the *Eira* stood away to the north, and was probably caught in the ice off the coast of Franz Joseph Land. A letter from Admiral Richards, discussing these probabilities very fully and ably, appeared in the *Times* of the 23rd inst., which also contained the instructions drawn up for the guidance of the Relief Expedition by the Committee formed for that purpose. The Expedition has been subsidised by Government to the extent of 5,000*l.*, the Geographical Society have given 1,000*l.*, and the remainder (some 5,000*l.*) has been made up by the relatives of Mr. Leigh Smith, the adventurous owner of the *Eira*.

Sir Allen Young, C.B., whose name is so familiar in connection with Arctic adventure, is in command, and has with him Lieutenants Herbert Swire, John Casement, and G. E. B. Bairnsfather, together with Dr. Price (all officers of the Royal Navy), and a crew of thirty-one men, most of whom have served with Sir Allen before.

After leaving Gravesend the *Hope* put into Yarmouth, and her next port of call was Hammerfest (lat. 71° N.), whence she was accompanied by a walrus-hunting craft, to act as a tender and co-operate with the *Kara* and herself in the search. On Wednesday last Sir Allen telegraphed from Honningvaag, sixty miles east of Hammerfest: "Just leaving for Nova Zembla. Have plenty of coals. Tender in tow. Will write every opportunity."

THE NEW PARIS HOTEL DE VILLE

THE new Paris Hotel de Ville is built upon the same model as its predecessor, which was erected by Francis I. in the sixteenth century, and burnt to the ground by the Communists on May 24, 1871. The Municipality, as soon as Paris had been restored to her right mind, lost little time in arranging for the reconstruction of the building, and in the following year a public competition was held, at which MM. Ballu and de Perthes were the successful competitors. Although practically a second edition of the old edifice, the interior accommodation has been greatly altered and improved, while the exterior is to be adorned by a large number of statues representing the great towns of France, and Parisians who have won renown in the field of Politics, Literature, Science, and Art. Certain niches are to be left vacant for future celebrities. The interior contains 368 rooms of various sizes, of which the largest is the Salle des Fêtes, where the inauguration dinner was to have taken place on Thursday. In order to make this banquet as thoroughly representative of all classes as possible, a private Municipal Guard, a fireman, and a journeyman printer were asked, and allotted good places, so that there should be no outward sign of inequality. To return to the Hotel de Ville itself—the total cost of the new building is estimated at over a million sterling.

"KIT—A MEMORY"

MR. PAYN's New Story, illustrated by Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 57.

A PICNIC ON THE BOSPHORUS

IN the early spring, when winter has vanished with that startling suddenness which forms a characteristic feature of South-Eastern Europe, and before the sun has had time to burn every blade of grass into brown stubble, no more enjoyable trip can be conceived for the town-ridden Perotes than a picnic on the shores of the Bosphorus. Combining business with pleasure, they take the opportunity to visit their country houses to see how they have fared during the rainy season, and to give orders to the Croatian and Bulgarian gardeners in charge to have the rooms swept and garnished ready for the summer flitting, which will take place in a few weeks. Frequently, however, a picnic is merely a pleasure party, and it is an expedition of this nature in which our artist appears to have taken part. The invitations having been conveyed by the fiercely moustached and ever-useful cavass and duly accepted, passage is taken on one of the steamers which ply up and down the Bosphorus, and once on board the business of the day is begun by a slight appetiser of *caviare* mixed with mastic, and spread on somewhat thick slices of bread. This finished, some amusement is created when passing the old Genoese castle of Roumili Hissar, by the manifest indignation of an old Turk, who is walking on shore accompanied by two ladies of his harem. The cause is found to be the levity of two young naval officers, who are waving their handkerchiefs to the fair Khanoums. The next excitement is the appearance of a pair of porpoises, which furnishes food for conversation to a bashful youth and the maiden who has fallen to his share, as follows—He: "I say, wouldn't you like to be a porpoise?" She: "A what, sir?" He: "A wouldn't mind if you were—the other." Before long the destination is reached, picnickers and their impedimenta are duly landed, and the servant is ordered to lose no time in preparing the meal. Unfortunately he has been provided with a new livery, and is so struck by the magnificence of his shadow, that he relapses into a state of abstraction, and a prowling pariah takes the opportunity to have the first helping of the good things provided. Dinner is laid at last, and the *pièce de résistance*, a roast lamb, is placed on leaves, and is carved with great dexterity and self-possession, despite the surrounding forest of glass and the nervous agitation caused by a buzzing wasp. After dinner some members show signs of needing a *siesta*, and the gentleman in the sketch, who has partaken of seventeen courses under a hot sun, and imbibed every known variety of vintage, including sweet Cyprus wine, is not wholly pleased to hear that the ladies expect him to make a "nice speech." Then comes an excursion up the heights, when husbands politely leave the single members of the party to help their better-halves up the slopes, while the younger folk slip away and strive to avoid sunstroke in the manner depicted. Finally comes the last scene of all—the return, when the body servant Dimitri leads the van, with the lamb's head as his standard, and beguiles the way to the boat with a song, doubtless classical, but somewhat discordant. On board the boat the steam home in the cool of the evening is greatly appreciated, particularly by the couple who are watching the lights on the Bosphorus shores. We fancy that in avoiding sunstroke they have contracted heart disease, as the lady is heard to remark, "You should not waver to Turkish ladies—don't—I do not wish it!"

"CONVALESCENT"

THE scene in our illustration is laid in the Female Convalescent Home at Crescent House, Brighton, one of those admirable institutions which, for a merely nominal sum, assist the weary invalid to what all the doctors' prescriptions in the Pharmacopœia cannot effect—that restorative which fresh healthy air and bracing sea breezes only can give to a constitution debilitated by sickness or

overwork. The house and grounds where this good work is carried on were purchased in 1878, with the co-operation of friends, by Mrs. Marshman, the widow of the late Mr. Marshman, who, together with his father, Dr. Marshman, was distinguished for his literary and missionary labours in India. The institution accommodates 120 inmates of different classes. These range from distressed ladies and governesses, for whom special rooms are reserved at a fixed rate of payment, from shopwomen, and those engaged in missions and Sunday-Schools, to wives of working-men, and to the poorest class of servants—young widows and orphans, and some persons who are utterly destitute, being admitted free. A new wing has this year been added at a cost of 500*l.* (collected last year) for the better class of governesses and ladies in reduced circumstances.

For the good work already achieved by the promoters of this institution we must refer our readers to the report, where they will find many instances of worn-out patients being completely restored to health. To enable them to continue their task, however, additional funds are sorely needed, and we trust that their appeal may not be made in vain, when it is taken into consideration how many serious diseases and premature deaths may be averted by the timely rest which such Convalescent Homes as this afford. Subscriptions may be sent to Mrs. Marshman, 4, Ladbrooke Square, London; to the Matron, at the Home; or to the London Joint Stock Bank, Pall Mall.

ROUND THE WORLD YACHTING—XXI.

HERE is another batch of sketches taken during the visit of the *Ceylon* to Japan. They are thus described by our special artist, Mr. C. E. Frupp:—

"At Tokio we witnessed some exceedingly clever fencing, including a bout between a battle-axe, with iron ball and chain attached, *versus* a double-handed sword. The former, which is called a 'uno,' was the successful weapon. To avoid personal injury, this being, of course, only a mimic contest, the axe was well wrapped up in coils of stuff, while for the metal of a real chain and ball there was substituted a rope and a soft ball of stuff, wherewith the combatant struck his adversary on the head or entangled his sword in the chain.

"'Streets of Steps,' recalling to our countrymen that picturesque little fishing haven, Clovelly, in Devonshire, are frequently to be met with in those Japanese towns or villages which are built among the hills.

"At Osaka we saw some of the ordinary tumbling and gymnastic performances for which the Japanese are famed. The entertainment here depicted took place in the open air. A couple of fat little urehins, not more than six or seven years old, performed with a pliability which was hardly to be expected from such rotund little objects. Their mother watched their feats from the back of the stage. In the background of the picture a youth is seen performing on a swinging bamboo. The sturdy man depicted in the centre executed a very amusing piece of ventriloquism with the otter's skin, which lies in the left-hand corner, pretending that it was alive."

MR. J. H. SHORTHOUSE

MR. JOHN HENRY SHORTHOUSE, the author of the now well-known historical romance, "John Inglesant," is a native of Birmingham, having been born in 1834 in Great Charles Street, and his family having long resided in that town. His mother, however, belonged to the West Country Hawker family. Mr. Shorthouse was educated at private schools, and had not come before the public as an author before the appearance of "John Inglesant," though we note a letter from him on some disputed point with regard to John Bunyan in one of the numbers of *Notes and Queries* for 1868. "John Inglesant" was privately published, we believe, about two years ago, but its remarkable originality, the scholarly style in which it was written, and the deep research into the records of men and manners of the seventeenth century which every chapter shows the author must have undertaken, gradually brought the work into far more prominent notice than is usually attained by works published privately, until "John Inglesant" has become one of the standard books of the day. So much, indeed, has been written on the work, that it would be superfluous to descant here upon the dramatic pictures Mr. Shorthouse draws of the Court of Charles I. and of contemporary life at Florence and Rome, nor upon the philosophical and mystical mind of the hero, his earnest search after religious truth, and his experiences as a member of the all-powerful Society of Jesus. We will make only a brief reference to the exquisite literary style of the author—completely different from the usual careless, hurried, and shipshod composition of the present day. Indeed, to quote from a recent notice of "John Inglesant" in *Blackwood*, "it is entirely new to us by dint of being old, and startles our unaccustomed faculties as do the stately buildings and princely tissues of a past age. We build no such piles and weave no such brocades in our day; the fashion of them has gone out, though there was never an age in which they were so much applauded." Since the publication of "John Inglesant" Mr. Shorthouse has written for the Wordsworth Society a subtle paper on "The Platonism of Wordsworth," a recondite and interesting phase of the poet's mind. This paper was privately printed; but Mr. Shorthouse has also written an essay in the *Nineteenth Century*, besides contributing a preface to a new edition of "The Temple" of George Herbert, and writing a short story for the current number of *Macmillan's Magazine*.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Robert W. Thrupp, 66, New Street, Birmingham.

A REDSKIN WARRIOR

THIS Indian Chief is Wah-bun-ah-Kee, second Chief of the Muncey, or Mini (Wolf) tribe, now resident in Canada, but formerly of Pennsylvania. The object of his visit to England is to remind the British Government of promises made to his tribe, when, owing to their having taken side against the Americans during the Revolutionary War, they had to quit their hunting grounds. It appears that the Muncey Indians, with their friends and neighbours, the Shawanees, the Mohicans, the Nanticas, and other tribes had, previous to the breaking out of the Civil War, formed a treaty of Offensive and Defensive Alliance, or Covenant Chain, as they termed it, with the British, who were authorised to call for the services of the Indian warriors whenever they were required. The British in return guaranteed them the possession of their land, and promised the protection of the Crown for all time. The subsequent successes of the Americans compelled the Indians to migrate to Canada, where the British commander promised that their lost land should be replaced at the close of the war. At its termination grants were made to most of the tribes, but for some unexplained reason the claims of the Munceys were overlooked, and they were left to wander as they chose. When war was declared by Congress in 1812, the Muncey warriors were, however, again called upon, and they were engaged in most of the sanguinary conflicts which then took place, being under the command of the celebrated Shawanee general, Tecumseh. The tribe was much reduced in number at this time. Nothing was done for them after the war ended, and they again wandered for a time, settling finally by permission of the Chippeway tribe on a tract of land, their property, on the banks of the river Thames at Caradoc, Ontario. On this spot they have since remained, and notwithstanding the purchase of the land by the Canadian Government, have been allowed to erect the village of Munceytown, and to farm the land as they chose. An agitation has, however, grown up among the surrounding whites for the removal of the Indians, and this has so alarmed them that they decided to send over one of their chiefs to urge their claims on the

consideration of the Government, and to petition the Queen to intercede on their behalf. Their case has received considerable attention at the hands of Messrs. A. M. Arthur, M.P., Hopwood, M.P., and Alderman Fowler, M.P., and of Mr. F. W. Chesson, of the Aborigines' Protection Society. Through the influence of these gentlemen the chief has been enabled to obtain an audience of the Hon. Evelyn Ashley, Under-Secretary for the Colonies, who has promised to use his interest on the Munceys' behalf. Wah-bun-ah-Kee is twenty-five years of age, and is of mixed Muncey and Mohican parentage. When at home he combines the avocation of farmer and school-teacher. Though preferring the Indian tongue he speaks and writes English fluently, and strongly advocates the higher education of his people.—Our portrait is from a sketch by Mr. Arthur Penniall, to whom the chief has given several sittings.

THE LATE MR. CECIL LAWSON

THIS promising young artist, who has just died at the early age of thirty years, came of an artistic family, and was brought up in the Art companionship of his brothers, Mr. Wilfrid Lawson, the painter, and Mr. Malcolm Lawson, the musician. "Like most self-taught men," says *The Times*, "he took original views, and soon showed that he had the native gifts and the power to strike out for himself a new path in landscape art. His highly-wrought nervous temperament led him to attempt those grand effects of splendid colour in mountain gloom and evening light fading over rich wooded hills and vales, or of pale silvery moonlight, or autumn sunrise, which were his favourite themes. His aspirations were so fine that his work triumphed over the small technical defects of inexperience, and the critics were carried away by their admiration for the ideal beauty pictured on his canvas. Few will forget the sensation created when his pictures of 'The Minister's Garden—a Tribute to the Memory of Oliver Goldsmith,' and 'A Pastor in the Valley,' were first brought into notice at the Grosvenor Gallery, and when every one was asking who this Cecil Lawson was, who had never been heard of before, and whose picture 'The Garden' was bought for 1,200*l.* at the private view by Mr. Huth. Two of his last and finest pictures, painted after he had seen the beauties of colour in the Italian landscape, are now in the Grosvenor Gallery—'The Road to Monaco,' a splendid effect of deep blue mountains and an olive-clad hillside and valley under a brilliant sky, and 'The Storm Cloud, West Lynn.' He had gone to try the air of Mentone in the early part of the year, and had returned with a mind full of splendid visions and memories, a sketch-book rich with many noble sketches, but alas! without finding the jewel—health. Mr. Lawson leaves a widow, to whom he was married in 1879, the daughter of the late Mr. J. Birnie Philip, the sculptor.—Our portrait is from a sketch by Mr. Wilfrid Lawson.

THE GUN CLUB, WORWOOD SCRUBS

PIGEON-SHOOTING for prizes at the grounds of the various Clubs and elsewhere seems to increase in popularity every year, notwithstanding the fierce diatribes which are constantly indited against the "tournaments of doves" and the threatened interposition of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The Gun Club is pre-eminent among the Associations for the Slaughter of Blue Rocks, and the New Pavilion is a great addition to the excellent arrangements which characterise its gatherings. Pigeon-shooting has become a science, and the visits of Dr. Carver, the celebrated American shot, have done much towards stimulating our marksmen. As a matter of abstract argument, there are many other of our field sports which must be condemned as cruel in reference to the animals, whose deaths are more or less involved, or whose lives are made very uncomfortable for them; and even anglers, with their "gentle art" and barbed hooks, cannot escape the general charge made against other sportsmen. But, after all, strict logic in these matters cannot be insisted on, as it would necessitate the uncaging of hosts of our birds and the release of a variety of animal pets. Though as yet we do not find that ladies enter the lists of pigeon-shooting, and though none were present at the competition represented in our sketch, yet they often attend the meetings of the Gun and other Pigeon-shooting Clubs, and with their smiles reward the success of their favourite "knights of the trigger." While this is the case, the tournaments in question are not likely to be lacking in interest, and the Gun Club is still likely for some time to come to be a popular and flourishing institution.

MOUNTED LANCE DRILL AT OXFORD MILITARY COLLEGE

THIS rising institution was established about six years ago, at Cowley, near Oxford. It was founded by military men, among whom may be mentioned the late General Eardley Wilmot, for the purpose of providing a sound education for candidates for the Army, and at the same time adequate preparation in military subjects, the main object being to avoid the superficiality and want of discipline of the cramming system. The Duke of Cambridge, the Marquis of Lorne, the Bishop of Oxford, Sir Garnet Wolseley, and many other distinguished men are on the Council of the College. The number of students has increased so rapidly that new buildings have become necessary, and a second wing and a laboratory were added last January.

The prizes in the military department were on the 21st ult. presented to the successful students by Lord Waveney, in the unavoidable absence of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught. General Burnaby gave away the prize annually presented by Colonel Sir Robert Loyd-Lindsay to the student passing highest from the College into Woolwich or Sandhurst. Colonel Duncan, R.A., well known as an authority on military matters, and as the Secretary of the St. John's Ambulance Association, was in the chair. After lunch the company adjourned to the cricket field, and witnessed the riding, lance, sword, and other exercises by the students. Some races in the new swimming bath brought a very pleasant day to a close.

SPORT AND WORK IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA

1. "SHEEP MUSTERING—A Startled Flock."—During sheep mustering in South Australia, in mountainous districts, where the rock wallaby (a small species of kangaroo) abounds, it frequently happens that as a flock of sheep is quietly moving on, several wallabies, sleeping as they always do during the daytime in holes among rocks or timber, frightened by the passing of so many animals, spring suddenly from their holes, and jump from one sheep's back to another until they reach the end of the "mob." The sheep-dogs, unless very well under control, are sorely tempted to pursue the already much terrified creatures. The scene is a droll one, for it is hard to decide which are the most frightened, the sheep or the wallabies.

2 and 3. "Euro Hunting Extraordinary."—The euro is a kind of kangaroo quite distinct from the kangaroo of the plains and forests. It is found only in mountainous districts. It is covered with coarse hair, long in winter and short in summer. It is a very powerful animal, more strongly and stoutly built than the ordinary kangaroo, though not quite so tall, between five and six feet being the average. The incident here depicted recently befel a hunter in the Flinders' Ranges, near Spencer's Gulf. He had wounded a euro, and seized it by the tail. The creature, however, hopped up the mountain side, and suddenly altering its course, sprang backwards down the declivity. It thus escaped from the hunter's grasp, and left him to roll (fortunately not far) into the creek below, where for a while he lay senseless.

4. "A Queer Country for Riding."—This sketch gives a correct idea of the kind of country directly north of Mount Remarkable

(3,300 feet above the sea), an outlying spur of the Flinder's Range, near Port Augusta. As the country is only fenced in immense blocks, many square miles in extent, the sheep have to be collected over a vast area. Hence the advantage of the stock whip, whose crack sounds like a rifle-shot, and which, together with the barking of dogs, gradually causes the frightened sheep to assemble together until, many thousands in number, they can be driven to the yards for draughting. They are especially fond of running up hill.

5. "Shooting a Wild Boar."—Wild pigs, descended, of course, from a domesticated ancestry, are numerous and troublesome in some parts of South Australia. They do much mischief, rooting up acres of good pasture, and often kill weak lambs. The boar here shown had tusks fully six inches long. He fell with a bullet in his shoulder, and was scalped, as his head was worth so much bounty money, given by the squatter, on whose run it was killed, to encourage their extermination.

6. "Shooting a Wild Goat." These wild goats, found in the Flinder's Ranges and elsewhere, are very fine animals, with exceedingly long hair, and of varied colours. They do not increase rapidly, as the wild dogs, though too cowardly to attack the full-grown animals, are very partial to the young kids. The goat represented in the sketch was shot by a hunter as it stood high over head on the mountain side. It fell down headlong, nearly to his feet.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. Walter Gill, jun., Parkstone, Poole, Dorset.



THE CRISIS IN EGYPT has been almost the sole topic of conversation and interest during the week, and although the Premier has declared the bombardment of the forts at Alexandria to be a purely defensive measure, the war preparations at our military and naval depôts have been recorded from day to day with much elaborate detail. The most important event of the kind is, however, the departure on Saturday from Portsmouth of the *Albatross*, with the 47th (North Lancashire) and 56th (Essex) Regiments—1,789 men in all.—On Saturday the Patriotic Association held a meeting in St. James's Hall, the Marquis of Waterford presiding, and adopted resolutions declaring that "the interests of England in Egypt and the Suez Canal, as the great high road to our Indian Empire and Colonies, are paramount, and demand a resolute and independent British policy," but "that any action with regard to Egypt should as far as possible respect the sovereign rights of Turkey and the Mussulman feeling of the East."—Sir R. Cross, M.P., speaking on Monday to an audience of working men at Portsmouth, said that the Government had lost the confidence of the country, driven from its ranks some of the noblest minds—Lord Lansdowne, the Duke of Argyll, Lord Cowper, and Mr. Forster—and by its vacillating policy driven capital and confidence from Ireland, and brought matters to their present perilous pass in Egypt.—At Sheffield, on Tuesday, at an open-air meeting, convened by the Conservatives, but largely attended by both parties, a resolution was passed expressing "indignation at the demoralising policy of Her Majesty's Ministers in relation to Ireland, and calling upon Parliament to reject the clauses of the Irish Arrears Bill, which would impose upon British taxpayers the payment of rents dishonestly withheld by Irish tenants, and rendered irrecoverable by the weakness of the Government."—Severe condemnation of the policy of the Government, both with regard to Ireland and Egypt, was also expressed at an Orange demonstration held on Wednesday at Hooton Park, near Liverpool.

THE CONDITION OF IRELAND.—The Royal Irish Constabulary, which now number 14,000 men, is to be still further strengthened, and to facilitate enlistment the standard of height has been reduced from 5 ft. 8 in. to 5 ft. 7 in.—The rumour that the Government were about to employ bloodhounds to track Irish murderers has been contradicted by Mr. Trevelyan.—Several additional arrests have been made in Dublin in connection with the Seville Place murder; and three men are also in custody for threatening the widow of the victim that they "would put her where her husband was lying" for informing.—Several fresh outrages are reported, amongst them two attempted murders, one at Ennis, another at Tralee, in both of which the victims were badly wounded. At Birdhill, near Limerick, the Protestant Rector has been boycotted for helping a farmer to cut his hay. The members of the congregation have been warned not to attend the services under pain of death, and the church is consequently deserted.—On Sunday a railway collision took place on the Youghal section of the Great Southern and Western Railway. No lives were lost, but the two drivers and stoker of one train and some sixty passengers were seriously injured.—Special precautions were taken against possible disturbances on the 12th, but the celebrations seem to have passed off peaceably at most places. At all the centres of the Orange Institution meetings were held, and resolutions adopted expressing loyalty to the Crown and British Constitution, but condemning the policy of the Government.—Mr. Muntz, M.P., has caused the "greatest pain and regret" to the Liberal Eight Hundred of Birmingham by voting against the Government in the division of Friday last. This was the unanimous decision of a meeting of that body on Tuesday, at which one of the speakers is reported to have said that "for Mr. Muntz to put his wisdom and his knowledge in the scales against Messrs. Gladstone and Bright was one of the most astounding things of the nineteenth century."

A GLADSTONE JUBILEE.—Mr. Gladstone will complete his fifty years of Parliamentary life on the 13th of December next. "A Liberal," writing to the *Daily News*, remarks that "The young Conservative candidate of 1832 is now the honoured leader of the Liberal party, and the Member for Newark is now Prime Minister, and in some senses the Member for All England;" and suggests that the Jubilee should be made the occasion of a "National" commemoration, declaring his belief that such a movement, if properly organised and energetically carried out, would meet with a response which will astonish Mr. Gladstone's opponents more even than the election of 1880.

THE CAMP AT WIMBLEDON.—The drenching showers which prevailed during the first two days of the Wimbledon meeting had the effect of keeping the camp almost clear of visitors, but the marksmen kept doggedly firing away at the various ranges, and scoring very fairly considering the unfavourable condition of the elements, the shifting wind and heavy showers being a severe test, even for the most experienced shots. The staff is the same as last year with the exception of the Executive Committee, which consists of Earl Brownlow, Sir Henry Fletcher, Colonel Walrond, Major Marsden, and Major C. B. Waller. The regimental camps occupy the same ground as they did last year, and the corps who have obtained permission to go into camp are the Victorias, South Middlesex, Civil Service, Queen's Westminster, St. George's, London Scottish, 1st Surrey, Bloomsbury Rifles, and 3rd London. Besides these the Honourable Artillery Company and the Inns of Court Corps have their tents, as usual in the members' lines.

THE LONDON CABDRIVERS held a meeting in Hyde Park on Sunday, at which it was stated that the leaders of the agitation were total abstainers, and that a reduction had been conceded by all the owners except about forty or fifty. The men are willing to

submit their claims to arbitration, and have resolved that meanwhile the strike shall be so managed that only a small number of cabs shall be kept in the yards each day, in order that the struggle shall not involve any inconvenience to the public.

THE CHARITY REFORM ASSOCIATION has just held its annual meeting, under the presidency of the Duke of Westminster, who said that the proposed remedy for the patent and glaring defects of the present system of canvassing and election—the appointment of a Committee to select the most deserving of the candidates—had been carried out with great success by the Royal Medical Benevolent College; and made an appeal for public support for the Association, so that it might extend its sphere of usefulness.

SERIOUS RIOTS AT TREDEGAR, in Monmouthshire, have taken place between the Welsh and English residents on the one hand, and the Irish on the other. The quarrel appears to have originated in some assaults on the Salvation Army by the Irish, and a rumour that they had attempted to poison the reservoir at Mountain Ash. On Saturday and Sunday the Irish quarter was invaded, houses wrecked, and their occupants severely maltreated, the police being powerless until reinforced by a detachment of military when the rioting was quickly suppressed. One woman is reported to have died of fright, and several wounded Irishmen are in the hospital. A number of the ringleaders have been arrested.

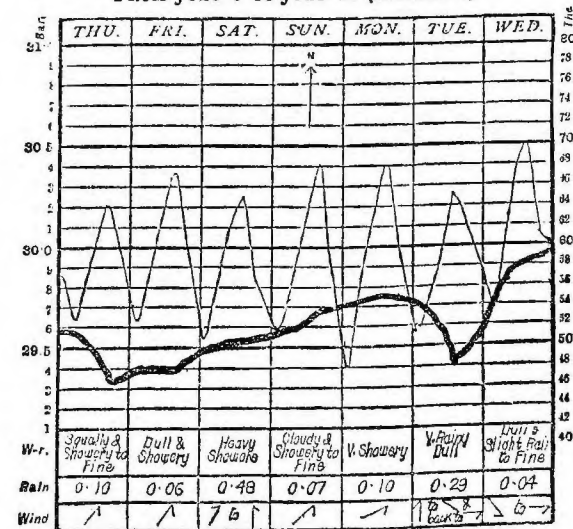
THE DANGER OF OVERHEAD ELECTRIC WIRES was once more proved the other day at Brighton, where a fire escape coming in contact with one drew down such a powerful shock as to disable one of the firemen for more than an hour. At Hammersmith a boy has been sent to prison without the option of a fine for throwing stones at the porcelain insulators of the telegraph wires, which it seems are favourite marks for catapult shooting.

TWO LANDSLIPS occurred last week. One on the Sussex beach, a few miles east of Brighton, resulted in the death of two young men who were precipitated from the summit of the cliff; the other at Crick in Derbyshire, where the side of a limestone quarry gave way, wrecking several houses and shifting a portion of the turnpike road, but happily no lives were lost.

OBITUARY.—Among the deaths announced this week are those of Mr. Benjamin Webster, the veteran actor; Mr. Hablot Browne ("Phiz"), the comic artist and caricaturist; and Dr. W. G. Ward, one of the leaders of the Tractarian movement at Oxford, who was formally censured and deprived of his Fellowship and Degree in 1845, and soon afterwards joined the Roman Catholic Church.

A NEW RIVER-SIDE FISH MARKET.—A severe blow has been dealt at the Corporation of London by the rejection without a division in the House of Commons of the Lords' proposal to add two clauses to the Shadwell Fish-market Bill, the one providing that if the tolls at Billingsgate should turn out to be lessened after the establishment of the new market they should be made good by the promoters of the latter; and the other empowering the Corporation, if they thought fit, to purchase the new market for the taxed costs incurred in its erection. The "vested interests" of the Corporation were founded on a charter granted some five hundred years ago by King Edward III., which gave them market rights over a seven-mile circuit of the capital. The value of such a monopoly has, of course, immensely increased since that time in consequence of the enormous growth of the metropolis and its population. It is therefore hardly to be wondered at that the Corporation tried every means of defending and retaining their charter; but their selfish arguments had no weight against the contention of their opponents, that the Corporation itself only existed for the public good, and that therefore they could have no right to hinder a project which was calculated to supply the poor of London with cheaper food than they have hitherto been able to obtain. The congested state of the approaches to Billingsgate Market has for years been the subject of almost continuous complaint, and it is notorious that vast quantities of fish which arrived there in a wholesome condition, and which might have been profitably sold at a cheap rate, have from time to time been condemned as unfit for food, for the simple reason that there was no means of clearing it out of the market before it became putrid. The need of a new centre of distribution has been amply demonstrated; and we can only wish success to the promoters of the new market, which we shall now shortly see springing up at Shadwell, a site only about a mile and a half down stream from London Bridge, and one to which easy access can be obtained from most parts of London, especially the eastern and north-eastern portions, whose teeming population of working people will gladly hail any fresh source of cheap and wholesome food supply. It will not be forgotten either that the decision of the House of Commons in this matter will probably be held to establish a precedent, and ere long we may expect to see provision markets of all kinds set up in the various districts of London; a prospect upon which the poorer classes are to be especially congratulated.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK FROM JULY 6 TO JULY 12 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—There has again been a continuance of showery, unsettled, and very unseasonable weather, and rain has fallen to a greater or less amount every day. These conditions have been occasioned by the advance of an almost constant succession of small, shallow depressions from the westward, the most serious of which passed across us on Tuesday (11th inst.), when several hours' steady rain fell. Temperature has remained low for the time of year, the highest point reached being 68°, while on three occasions the thermometer has not risen above 65° all day. The night readings have, however, been about equal to the average. The barometer was highest (29.93 inches) on Wednesday (12th inst.); lowest (29.34 inches) on Thursday (6th inst.); range, 0.59 inches. Temperature was highest (68°) on Sunday and Monday (9th and 10th inst.); lowest (48°) on Monday (10th inst.); range, 20°. Rain fell on seven days. Total amount, 1.14 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.14 inches, on Saturday (8th inst.).



THE BETHNAL GREEN FREE LIBRARY has received a handsome present of books from the Princess Beatrice, while Oxford University and the Admiralty have granted some of their publications to the institution.

THE TELEPHONE was put to a novel use at Malta on Tuesday. The instrument was connected with the end of the telegraph ship *Chiltern* off Alexandria, more than 1,000 miles away, and although, owing either to the distance, or to the vibration of the firing, no verbal message could be conveyed, the sound of the firing was distinctly heard through the telephone.

THE SUNDAY SOCIETY.—The members of the Sunday Society visit the Grosvenor Gallery to-morrow (Sunday), and on the first Sunday in August the Gallery will be open to the public by tickets, which may be had by all who send a stamped and addressed envelope to Mr. Mark H. Judge, 8, Park Place Villas, Paddington. The Duke of Wellington has renewed his invitation of last year, and visits of the members of the Society will be made to the historical collection at Apsley House during the Sundays of July and August.

"HANGING AN ENGLISHMAN" has lately been a favourite street game in Alexandria, according to the Egyptian correspondent of the *Paris Figaro*. Thus the Arab boys and idlers used to seize some wretched pariah dog to represent the accused in a court of inquiry, one of the players taking the character of the Khédive, another that of Arabi, &c., and pretending to interrogate the unlucky dog. One witness deposing that the dog was an Englishman, the bystanders thrashed the poor dog heartily, and another witness declaring that it was a Christian, more blows followed, and the sentence of hanging was pronounced and duly carried out.

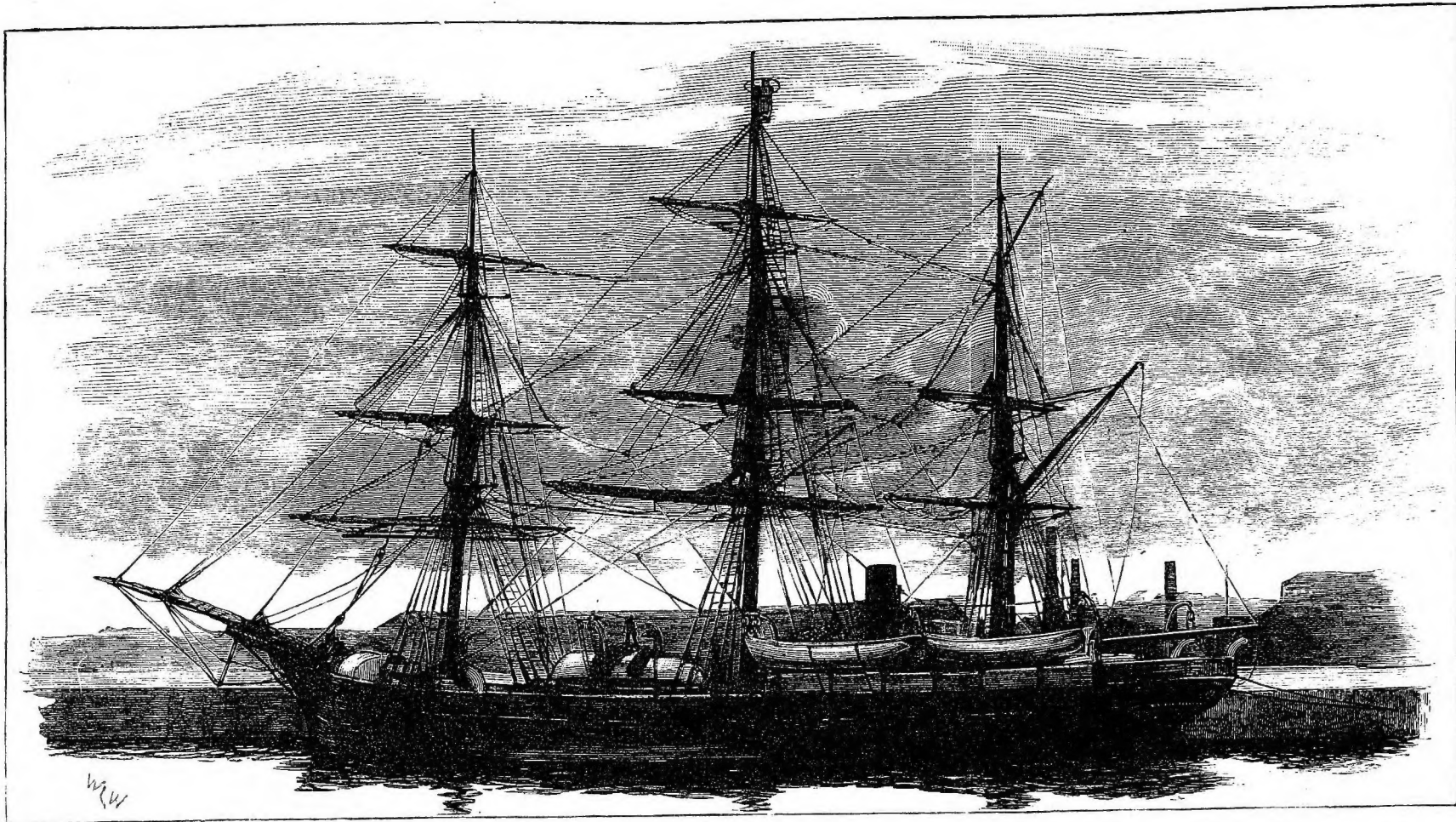
THOMAS CARLYLE'S GRAVE AT ECCLEFECHAN is now marked by a large tombstone erected by his surviving brother James. The stone bears near the top the motto *Humilitate*, with the Carlyle arms underneath, while on the body of the stone are two inscriptions—"Here rests Thomas Carlyle, who was born at Ecclefechan 4th December, 1795; and died at 24, Cheyne Row, Chelsea, London, on Saturday, February 4th, 1881. Here also rests John Aitken Carlyle, M.D., LL.D., who was born at Ecclefechan 7th July, 1801, and died at the Hill, Dumfries, on Monday, 15th September, 1879." Small stones with the respective initials "T. C." and "J. A. C." are also placed at the foot.

LONDON MORTALITY further declined last week, and 1,293 deaths were registered against 1,303 during the previous seven days, a decline of 10, being 163 below the average, and at the rate of 17.3 per 1,000. These deaths included 6 from small-pox, 33 from measles (a fall of 18), 28 from scarlet fever (a decline of 2), 16 from diphtheria (a fall of 4), 80 from whooping-cough (a rise of 1), 14 from enteric fever (a rise of 3), 1 from undefined form of fever, 73 from diarrhoea and dysentery (an increase of 32), and 173 from diseases of the respiratory organs (a fall of 39, and 25 below the average), of which 87 were attributed to bronchitis, and 56 to pneumonia. Different forms of violence caused 50 deaths; 38 were the result of negligence or ignorance. There were 2,443 births registered, against 2,470 during the previous week, being 79 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 59.9 deg., and 1.7 deg. below the average.

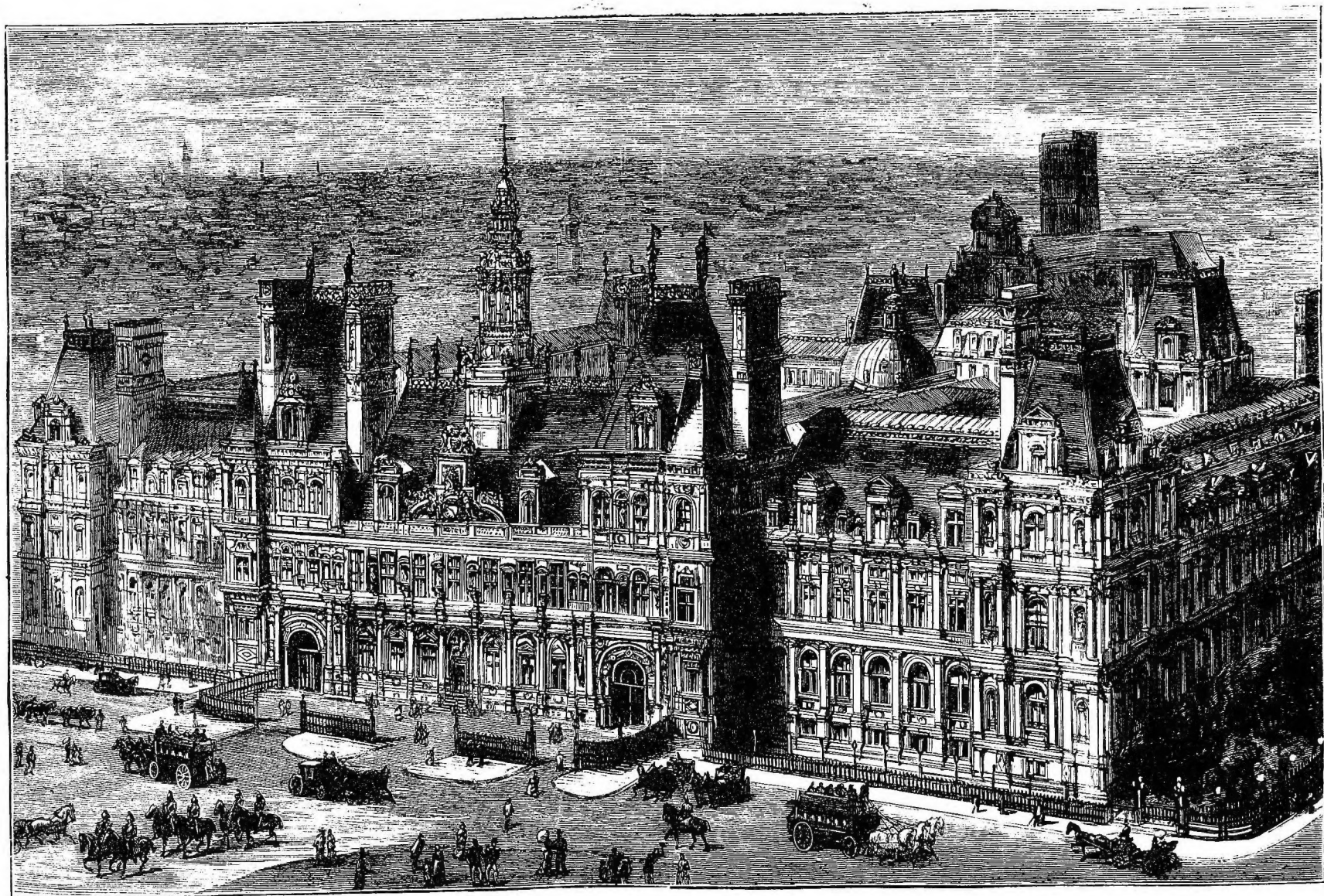
MEDICAL AID SOCIETY FOR NECESSITIOUS GENTLEWOMEN.—This Society was founded in 1879, under distinguished patronage, but, probably, it is not generally known that poor ladies in London, either through a subscriber's letter, or by an annual payment of one guinea during health, can have the best obtainable advice, with medicines from good chemists, free of charge, by simply calling at stated times upon the surgeon to the Society, at his rooms in Harley Street, or, when absolutely necessary, can be visited at their homes; 125 new letters have been issued during the past year, and upwards of 1,500 attendances given, whereby many ladies have been enabled to continue at their posts. The objects of this Society are fourfold: 1. To render aid to poor ladies in London; 2. When funds admit, to extend operations to the provinces; 3. To provide nurses and other comforts in time of illness; and lastly, to provide an Invalid Home. Funds are urgently needed for this excellent and much wanted Institution. If any of our readers desire further information, full particulars will be furnished by the Secretary, Captain G. J. Hamilton, 2, East India Avenue, Leadenhall Street, E.C.

THE NOTEBOOK OF THE UNFORTUNATE COMMANDER OF THE "JEANNETTE" EXPEDITION furnishes a distressing history of the last days of the lost explorers. Lieutenant De Long's final entries, reproduced by the *New York Herald*, bring the sad story down to October 30, 1881, twenty-one days after the departure, to seek relief, of Ninderman and Noros, who brought the news of the *Jeannette's* loss. The closing lines record the death of Boyd and Gortz, members of the crew, and state that Mr. Collins was dying, so that only Lieutenant De Long, Dr. Ambler, and the Chinese cook then survived, and no further detail of their end is known. For the previous fortnight the diary contains little but the bare announcement of the death of the explorers, one by one, and the gradual decay of the forces of the survivors, who, from giving their companions at first an elaborate burial and farewell salutes, could at last only drag their dead out of sight. Tea made of the Arctic willow, spoonfuls of glycerine, and an occasional ptarmigan formed their only food when the pemmican failed, and the last dog was eaten, but the whole melancholy narrative is written throughout with the utmost simplicity, and without a word of complaint or repining at their fate. At Lieutenant Danenhower's request a naval committee are considering the expediency of applying to Congress for assistance to bring home the bodies of the crew for interment. Meanwhile, one of the survivors, Mr. Raymond Newcomb, is writing a history of the Expedition.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY made an important acquisition at the sale of the Hamilton Collection last Saturday—a picture of Philip IV. of Spain by Velasquez—which realised the highest sum (6,300*l.*) ever paid for any of Velasquez's portraits. Carried away from the Madrid Palace during the war by the French General Dessolle, the picture was bought from the General's daughter by Mr. Woodburn, and thence came to Fonthill. It represents the Spanish King full-length in a black costume trimmed with silver, and holding in his hand a paper inscribed with the author's name. The Gallery also bought a small "Interior with Figures" by H. van Steenwyck and F. Francks for 204*l.* 15*s.*, while the National Portrait Gallery purchased for 2,520*l.* a large portrait piece, representing the Council of English and Spanish Commissioners for the Treaty of 1604, and containing the portraits of the Earls of Dorset, Nottingham, Devonshire, and Northampton, and Lord Robert Cecil, afterwards Earl of Salisbury. Stow's "Chronicle" fixes the date of this Council, and thus the picture—dated 1594—proves not to have been painted by Juan Pantoxa, to whom it was ascribed, but is probably due to Gheeraerts, the well-known portrait painter. Another purchase for the State was an "Entombment," by Nicolas Poussin, obtained by the Irish National Gallery for 504*l.* Talking of the Hamilton Collection, we may mention that Monday's sale was remarkable for the highest price ever paid for a piece of furniture. An ebony inlaid *secretaire*, ornamented with floral wreaths, and a commode of similar material and ornaments, both mounted by Gouthière, and having belonged to Marie Antoinette, fetched the enormous sum of 9,450*l.* a-piece.



THE "EIRA" ARCTIC RELIEF EXPEDITION UNDER CAPTAIN SIR ALLEN YOUNG — THE EXPLORING STEAM VESSEL "HOPE"



THE NEW HOTEL DE VILLE, PARIS



DRAWN BY ARTHUR HOPKINS

She took the rudder-lines, while Frank seized the oars.

KIT—A MEMORY

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "BY PROXY," "HIGH SPIRITS," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "A GRAPE FROM A THORN," &c.

CHAPTER V.

AT THE DOVECOTE

LIKE all worthy professors of his noble calling, Dr. Meade was the repository of many secrets,—some of them confided to him, but more of them guessed. He knew where many a patient's shoe pinched, and had the "length of their feet," while they flattered themselves that, though prescribing for this and that, the most serious of their maladies was beyond his ken. He could read the embarrassments that are the precursors of ruin in insomnia, and the domestic quarrels that end in separation in suppressed gout. Fortunately for his neighbours, with this quick sight for human ailments mental and bodily, he combined a fine sense of honour that caused him to keep his discoveries to himself.

The Doctor knew of Mrs. Medway this: that she had become comparatively poor through an act of self-sacrifice which, though dictated by principle, and indeed by a plain sense of justice, had been a bitter humiliation to her to put into effect. Her late husband had been a London merchant of good position, but whose devotion to his family had caused him to insure his life for an amount unusual in one of his circumstances. Of late years times had not been so good with his particular business, and the paying of his premiums had made a serious inroad into his income. On his death, however, those he left behind him reaped the fruits of his prudence and self-denial. Though Mr. Medway died the possessor of a much smaller fortune than had been expected, the Insurance Companies more than supplied the deficiency, and the widow and her children were left in affluence. It was more than a year after her husband's death that certain suspicions she had always entertained respecting his end were corroborated by a memorandum found by her in his own handwriting: his temperament had been nervous to excess, and from dwelling upon his commercial losses, his mind, always inclined to "speculate for the fall," as his City friends termed it, had given way. Under these circumstances—not in a moment of depression, but after a long duration of it, which admitted of certain cunning arrangements by which he threw all but his wife off the scent—he had committed suicide. The Insurance Companies had paid the policies, and, what was of much more consequence in the widow's eyes, not a breath of suspicion rested on the dead man. To return the money would be to asperse the memory of the man she had loved, and still loved, better than all the world. But Mrs. Medway did not hesitate for a moment; she made prompt and full restitution, and turning her back upon London, which had no longer any pleasurable associations for her, settled in Cornwall with her children, both at that time of tender age. Thither at least it was unlikely that any story with reference to

their father's unhappy end would follow them. Her own lips, we may be sure, would have been ever closed respecting it, but for her anxiety on her son's account, who, as she observed, or imagined, began to develop certain traits of character which had belonged to his father. He was not, indeed, subject to depression, but his habits were too studious, and his disposition too thoughtful and sedate, for one so young. A mother's solicitude must be her excuse for attaching to these symptoms a too grave significance. To reveal her fears was to aggravate a wound that Time had even yet hardly healed, and to sin against her reverence for the dead; but to conceal them might be to risk the happiness of the living. In seeking Dr. Meade's advice for Mark she had been compelled to tell him all, and her confidence had not been misplaced.

She had found not only a guardian for her son, but a friend for herself. Under other circumstances he would have ridiculed her apprehensions, which, indeed, were at present at all events sufficiently groundless; but, as it was, his respect and admiration for her took off all the sharpness of his satire. At the most he allowed himself only a little good-natured railery, as when he had spoken of Mark's late exertions at the oar, of the true nature of which his professional eye had of course at once informed him.

One member of the Cote household still remains to be introduced, the cat Gregorius, so called from its peculiar purr, which was supposed to resemble chanting. This animal was a magnificent Angora, about whose well being it was whispered the Doctor was as solicitous as about that of any of his patients. Once he had lost him, though not by the common lot. Gregorius had suddenly disappeared, and neither the garden nor the chimney-corner had known him for an entire year. Placards were issued; rewards were offered; all that human skill could suggest was tried in vain to win back the wanderer. That any one in Mogadion—even the most wicked of boys—could have wilfully harmed the Doctor's cat was an idea not to be entertained; the Rector's cynical suggestion that he had been translated to Paradise seemed quite as possible. At the end of twelve months, Gregorius was found in his usual chair in the breakfast room one morning, chanting a little louder than was his wont, but otherwise unchanged and unmoved. In the interval, his wont, he had been to Buenos Ayres and back. A ship at as it turned out, he had been to Buenos Ayres and back. A ship at the quay had been loading for that port, and Gregorius had gone on board—it was supposed for rats—on the day it sailed. She had been out a week, as the captain told the Doctor apologetically, and had a fair wind, or she would certainly have put back when his favourite was discovered to be a stowaway. As a matter of fact, the precious creature had never been permitted to set foot on shore at the end of his voyage; but the Doctor would declare that

Gregorius was full of information respecting South America, and, like the Rector—who had had that reputation for forty years—was meditating the publication of a book.

If Mrs. Medway had needed any claim upon her host's regard she would have found it in the cat's affection for her. No sooner had she taken her seat at the tea-table than Gregorius was on her lap, tapping her hand with his velvet paw to remind her that the clotted cream—recommended by the Doctor as equal to cod-liver oil—was within her reach, and that buttered toast can be procured for a friend, even if one does not care for it for one's own eating.

"You know what's good," observed Mrs. Medway caressingly; "don't you, Gregory?"

"He is indeed an excellent judge of character," observed the Doctor. "He took a fancy to you, my dear lady, from the first."

"Oh! but I didn't mean *that*, I'm sure," said Mrs. Medway.

"My dear Frank, do you hear how your papa is going on with my mamma?" inquired Mark.

"I'm used to it," answered Frank laughing; "why, bless your heart, that's nothing."

"Yes, but if you or I were to talk like that to any young person—"

"It would do you a great deal of good, sir," exclaimed the Doctor.

"Even a Platonic attachment is better for a young fellow than nothing."

"My dear doctor," interposed Mrs. Medway, picturing to herself on the instant her darling fallen in love, and meditating flight from the maternal roof, "I beg you won't put such notions into Mark's head."

"If they don't come of themselves, my dear madam," said the Doctor drily, "they won't come at all. They can't be dabbled in like potatoes. But they are pretty sure to come sooner or later; and upon the whole it is better to have them early, and get them over." As he said these words the Doctor glanced uneasily from Trenna to his son, as though he recognised some signs of an attachment there, which he would have been unwilling to see grow to maturity.

Trenna's eyes met his own with an expression so cold and stately that it was almost contemptuous. Perhaps she thought that the looks of others besides his were fixed upon her.

Frank, on the other hand, gave no such evidence of self-consciousness. In the boat he had certainly experienced some emotions of the lover; but the moment of attraction had apparently passed by, or perhaps his present surroundings had recalled him to everyday life and dissolved his day dream. He seemed, indeed, rather amused than concerned with his father's remarks; but, on

the other hand, that was how he generally received any observations from the paternal lips, with which he was unable to sympathise. The Doctor, for example, was prejudiced and somewhat obstinate in matters relating to his own profession, slow to change and averse to novelties even when they were substantial improvements. But when he pressed these views on Frank, who was of the new and more scientific school, the young man never argued with him, but smiled—anything but acquiescence. This did not arise from irreverence, far from it; but in matters where principle was concerned he could not bring himself to yield, so “lightly put the question by.” Such a course of conduct would have been dangerous with some fathers as provocative of apoplexy; but the Doctor, who lost his temper with others rather easily, was never tempted to do so with his son. His sagacity enabled him both to discover Frank’s motive for declining the fray, and to perceive the independence of character, or originality of thought, which declined to win the paternal favour by submission.

Upon the present occasion, however, because he felt the silence to be a little embarrassing, Frank was about to make some humorous defence of First Love, of which his father had spoken so disparagingly, when he was interrupted by an exclamation from Mrs. Medway.

“Why, dear me,” she cried, “there’s Host No. 2. You see, Doctor, nobody trusts you with their guests a bit longer than they are obliged to do.”

“He gave me the loan of you for half-an-hour,” said the Doctor resolutely; “and for five minutes more you are mine.—Now, my dear sir, I do hope you have not been cutting short poor Jones’s will, and putting it into plain English in order to get home to your friends; the omission of such a beautiful (and expensive) word as hereditaments, as you once explained to me, you know, may be fatal to his heirs.”

“What do you mean?” inquired the new comer with a puzzled air, and the least tinge of a foreign accent. In appearance he looked very foreign indeed, swart as a Spaniard (indeed he came of a Spanish stock) and squat as a Dutchman, with bright beady eyes, which, cunning rather than intelligent, and wholly destitute of spirituality, seemed like cheap imitations of the brilliant and speaking orbs of his daughter.

“Well, I mean,” resumed the Doctor peevishly, “that since you have got Maud and Christopher at home, you might have left these other folks a little longer with me—but there, I suppose you have not been home, but have come straight away from Jones.”

“I have not come straight away; I have just come from home; there is no Maud and Christopher there; what is it you mean?”

“Then, good Heavens, where are they?” exclaimed Mrs. Medway, starting up and clasping her hands.

“Where are they? why on the river, of course,” answered the Doctor gaily, but with a swift significant glance towards his son—or rather towards the place where his son had stood, for Frank had left the room on the instant, accompanied by Trenna, upon a quest the speaker understood at once. “They are drifting down the river slowly,” he continued in the same cheerful tone, “as young people will do who find themselves in the same boat together, and imagine they wish it to last for life.”

“But the tide would have brought them here without the help of oars by this time,” exclaimed Mark with a scared look. “I will take a boat at once and see what has become of them.”

“Oh no, no,” cried his mother in a voice of agony. “Is it not enough that Maud, my darling Maud, may have perished in that dreadful river? Let a boat be sent at once; but, for Heaven’s sake, let others go, Mark, and not you.”

“My dear Mrs. Medway,” said the Doctor soothingly, “you are distressing yourself quite unnecessarily; Christopher swims like a fish, does he not, Garston?—and even Maud herself can swim a little.”

“Not in the river; not in such a tide as that,” cried Mrs. Medway, wringing her hands. “Run, Mark—a boat, a boat; but promise me—”

Mark had rushed to the door ere his mother had concluded her appeal, but the doctor’s hand was on his shoulder. “Stop where you are, for your mother’s sake,” he whispered. “Look, look; there goes the boat,” he added aloud triumphantly, “with the best oarsman in it in all Mogadion, and the best of coxswains, albeit she is a woman.”

He pointed to the open window through which the same boat in which the party had arrived, but with Frank at the oar, and Trenna at the stern, could be seen shooting across the harbour like a bird. “Garston, my man,” he continued cheerfully, for the other had dropped into a chair with an expression difficult to translate, but of reflection and embarrassment rather than of distress, “you have a daughter to be proud of.”

“But Kit, Kit!” observed the lawyer uneasily.

“Kit will be all right, and Maud will be all right; if they are on the river Frank will find them, and if anything—that is, if they have had a ducking—they will be on land. Rachel, order the waggonette instantly—at once.”

“My carriage,” murmured Mr. Garston. “Nonsense! your carriage is a fine affair—and you have a fine coachman who will take a fine time to put to. Now here we are, rough but ready. There, I hear the wheels already. We will go by the road, we four, so that we shall be sure to meet our young friends even if the boat should miss them.”

Within such a space of time as could only have been possible in a Doctor’s household, used to emergencies and dispatch, the waggonette and pair was at the door; and at the words, “Quick, the Knoll!” started at a gallop with its anxious tenants.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SEARCHERS

MARK had been mistaken when he observed that, even if Kit and Maud had suffered their light boat to drift down the stream, it would have carried them to Mogadion by the time which had elapsed since the rest of the party had reached it. It would have doubtless done so had the tide continued to ebb, but it was almost on the turn when they had embarked; a circumstance which had not escaped the notice of Frank, though it tended but little to decrease his anxiety. However little Kit had exerted himself, it was certain that the skiff was overdue; and, as we have seen, Frank had not lost a moment in investigating the cause of its delay. The quickness with which Trenna had understood his look, and his movement towards the door when her father’s news was told, had been marvellous; one would have almost said that such a tacit appeal could not have been so instantly understood and acted upon unless the two had been bound together by that common sympathy which exists only in the hearts of those who love one another. Such an idea, however (even if the time had been fitting for the entertainment of it), would never have crossed Frank Meade’s mind; it was the thought of Kit’s being in peril, as Frank well knew, which had so sharpened Trenna’s quick wits. Her brother was all in all to her; and though if Mark, for example, had been with his sister in Kit’s place Trenna would have done all she could for them, the tidings that had just fallen on her ear would not have driven the blood from her cheeks, and made her large eyes wild with terror as it had done.

“You must steer, Trenna,” cried Frank, as they ran down the garden, “and I will take the oars; we shall get on almost as fast that way, and you will be able to keep a good look out.”

She bowed her head in assent, but at the same time a shudder ran through her slight frame.

“A good look out for what!” was her dismal thought; “not for the boat and its occupants, for they could hardly be passed by unnoticed, but for the boat *without* its occupants, or perhaps for a pale corpse, whose hands, no more to be clasped in hers, should be holding in their last clutch some broken branch or river weed!”

Notwithstanding the tumult of her mind, and the haste of her movements, it was noticeable how deftly she seated herself in the boat and took the rudder-lines, while Frank on his part seized the oars with a promptness altogether distinct from hurry, and settled to his work on the instant. If the lives of the missing pair were in any way dependent upon human skill and intelligence, they were fortunate indeed in those to whom their succour had been entrusted. Not a word was spoken till the boat left the harbour and entered the river; then “Keep the midstream,” said Meade, “and watch the left bank while I watch the right.”

They thus proceeded for some minutes at great speed, keeping their eyes on the swirling stream with its occasional freight of branch and brier.

“What can have happened, Frank?” murmured Trenna, suddenly.

It was the first time she had ever called him “Frank;” though his mind was full of Maud at the time he noticed the fact, and set it down to its true cause; her anxiety and alarm were such that she used the first word that came into her mind, and quite unconsciously.

“Heaven knows, Trenna,” he answered. “Some accident has probably happened to the boat; Kit may have lost an oar; I have known him do so; he is not very careful. In that case they would have had to put to shore.”

Trenna shook her head. “He would not have been careless in Maud’s company,” was her significant rejoinder.

“Her safety, if it were threatened, would have been his only thought no doubt,” replied the other, gently.

“Yes, that is the worst of it.”

“The worst of it!”

“Did I say that? What I meant was that at all hazards to himself he would have striven to save her. In a stream like this we know what must come of such Quixotry. Two lives are lost in place of one.”

The words were uttered with a certain impatience and indignation, that struck her companion.

“Good Heavens, Trenna! would you have had him forsake her, under any circumstances?”

“I would have had him preserve his life,” she answered fiercely; “no woman’s life is worth such a life as Kit’s. Oh Kit! dear Kit!”

To reason with her Frank saw was useless; he rowed on in silence till presently the girl exclaimed with agitation, “Gently, gently, there is something yonder.”

He turned round and beheld some object tossing and swirling in an eddy under a horn of the left bank. He drew up to it swiftly, and Trenna put her hand out and dragged it into the boat. It was a skiff’s rudder.

A glance at it was sufficient for Frank, who, without a word, continued his exertions. One would have thought that he had already done all that man and oar could do, but this incident appeared to incite him to still greater speed. The boat seemed to fly out of the water rather than through it, with every stroke.

“What is the use, Frank?” exclaimed Trenna, a touch of admiration mingling with her despair; “you are spending strength and breath in vain. If he—if they are not on land by this time they must be beyond human aid.”

“The Tusk, the Tusk,” he murmured, and plied his sculls as before. Then she understood on what he built his hopes.

The Tusk, so called from its sharp point, was in mid stream not far from where they were; in dry seasons, when the stream was low, it formed a small island, and was always visible during the ebb tide. But after rain when the tide had begun to flow it was submerged, and to those who were unacquainted with the navigation of the river was a most dangerous object. The weather had been wet of late, which made the chance a very slender one, but there was a possibility if the skiff had gone to pieces there (as was most likely) that its tenants might have found foothold on the Tusk itself. Escape from it, unless the swimmer was both strong and skilful, would have been impossible, for the stream on both sides was exceptionally swift and deep.

They were now rounding a corner which disclosed the reach of the river wherein this rock was situated, and Trenna was straining her aching eyes to catch sight of it in vain. She did not know, as Frank knew, the exact spot where it was situated. Suddenly he ceased rowing, and uttered a deep sigh.

“What is the matter? Are you hurt?” she gasped: for the moment she thought that his immense exertions had ruptured a blood vessel. He shook his head and pointed to the water behind her, through which the Tusk was plainly visible. Indeed, while she looked at it some lull of the wave bared a few inches of smooth rock beneath it which stood up like a gray gravestone.

Then the rudder strings fell from the girl’s hold, and she fainted away.

(To be continued)



II.

THE *Contemporary* for July is excellent throughout. An able article by Mr. A. V. Dicey, regarding “Home Rule from an English Point of View,” pronounces it more dangerous for ourselves than separation. It would “offer to Ireland a constitution which Ireland is certain to dislike,” while it would impose on Great Britain—for this is Mr. Dicey’s main point—“a constitutional revolution” fatal to that “absolute omnipotence of Parliament” which is “the secret source of our strength.” Nor are Home Rulers at liberty to say it matters not to them how Federalism would affect Great Britain. A partner who “admits separation to be unattainable or undesirable” is bound to show that what he proposes to have done will not be injurious to his fellow-partners.—Mr. Mulhall, on the other hand, in his “Financial Aspect of Home Rule,” would solve all difficulties by treating Ireland as we now treat the Channel Islands—exempting her from any contributions to our revenue, and debarring her from sending deputies to Westminster. The plan works admirably in Jersey, and would doubtless seem cheap enough to many Englishmen if the “total cost,” as Mr. Mulhall puts it, would not exceed “another penny in the Income Tax;” but what would fiery Nationalists say to a proposal to buy them off by a simple reduction of taxation?—Sir David Wedderburn contributes a cheery paper on “South Africa.” Of no other country, we should think, can it be said that “a man may ride there unarmed and alone with his pockets full of diamonds, fearing neither black nor white.” Speaking for ourselves, we should almost be afraid to try the experiment even in the Transvaal.—Mr. Monod writes with a full, though by no means a light heart, of “Contemporary Life and Thought in France—in Politics and in Society.” “The profound and noble passion for education which animates the whole Republican party” is the one point on which he finds it possible to dwell with very great satisfaction; though even here the “hatred of Clericalism” has carried men to somewhat illiberal extremes.—“Industrial Training of Pauper and Neglected Girls” puts forward some strong arguments for the disposal of these waifs and strays as boarders-out in labourers’ families or as emigrants, rather than cooping them up till womanhood in “huge barracks”

without change or holiday, or any real preparation for the work of life.—Bishop Goodwin’s “Law, Physical and Moral,” and Professor Stewart’s “Conservation and Dissipation of Energy,” though full of thought, will only be enjoyed by the robust intellects which crave “strong meat.”

In the *Fortnightly* “Foes in Council,” while reflecting with some dramatic power the easy way in which chance disputants (perhaps from lack of very deep convictions) “agree to differ” on the Irish question, contrives dextrously so to shape the conversation that the advocates of Coercion get the worst of it.—“Why is Millais Our Popular Painter?” sufficiently answers its own inquiry by pointing out the essentially English characteristics of his paintings, their splendid force, their healthy sentiment, and the directness with which they tell their story. But brilliant execution is not everything; and Mr. Millais in the writer’s judgment shows himself “every year more callous to the higher intellectual qualities in Art.”

—“Philosophy in the Roman Church” is a good account of recent efforts to restore the philosophy of Aquinas to its old place of honour in Ecclesiastical Colleges—a task in which the gentle Pope has probably to encounter much quiet opposition from the Jesuits.—Mr. Kebbel contributes in “Mr. Lecky and George III.” some suggestive historic notes on the true nature of the struggle in which the King, backed by the country and the younger Pitt, contrived eventually to “dish the Whigs.”—“A Voice from the Nile” is a striking picture, in fairly melodious blank verse, of the changes witnessed by the changeless river since Man “the admirable, the pitiable,” made his first appearance on its banks.

Under the title of “The Religious Situation in France,” M. Fontanes, in the *Modern Review*, puts very clearly the perplexed position of great numbers of French Liberals, conscious of a certain mental void, yet unable to find anything to attract them in Protestantism, and taught by circumstances to regard Catholicism less as a creed than as a political enemy.—Mr. R. H. Hutton contributes some fine criticism of “Wordsworth’s Two Styles”—the earlier purely objective in its method and reserved even to reticence in its expression of sentiment, the later altogether more emotional, and, if less strong, more mellow and less rugged.—Dr. Carpenter describes well “Charles Darwin’s Life and Work.”

In a good *Belgravia* there is nothing better than Alice Corkran’s pathetic drama of the Rue Mouffetard, “How Père Perrault Spent His Legacy.”—“About Yorkshire” takes us pleasantly from Briggall Banks and Mortham Tower—the scenes of “Rokeby”—to the romantic woods of Deepdale.—“Mr. Josiah Smith’s Balloon Journey” recalls amusingly some recent feats of venturous aeronauts.—In the *Gentleman’s* Dr. Andrew Wilson begins an interesting discussion of the “Problems of Distribution” of animal life on the earth’s surface.—Mr. Mew contributes a critique of “The Buscapè,” the clever forgery which Adolfo de Castro all but succeeded, three-and-thirty years ago, in passing off as a lost work of Cervantes; and Mr. Williams suggests, in lieu of a Channel Tunnel, a monster ship canal for goods-traffic from Newhaven to Deptford, and another on the French side from Dieppe to Rouen. The sea-sick passenger is beneath Mr. Williams’s notice.—A well-told “Visit to Cethswayo” is at this juncture the most attractive article in *Time*.—In the *Army and Navy* Colonel Malleon has a good description of the lucky combination of bravery and foul play which decided the fate of India at “Plassy.” “Submarine Vessels for War Service” is most interesting. Until, however, some method has been devised for enabling assailants to see under water, nothing of this kind, so the writer thinks, can equal swift torpedo-boats and navigable torpedoes, Lay or Whitehead.

In the *Portfolio* a neatly written paper on “Autun” by the editor, and another by F. Schloesser on that Antwerp curiosity, the “Maison Plantin,” keep company with three good etchings—notably one of the “Fish Market at St. Malo.”—To the *Art Journal* Mr. F. Slocombe sends an exquisite etching of a tree-shaded “Middlesex Lane;” and Mr. Atkinson a further chapter of his memoir of Adolf Menzel, the Hogarth of modern Germany.

In the *Month* Mr. Shee protests—not altogether without reason—against “The Irish Brogue in Fiction.” It is quite possible to make Irishmen talk naturally without poor attempts to imitate the “brogue” by laborious misspelling.—*Knowledge*, *Hardwick’s Science Gossip*, and the *Psychological Review*—a magazine for spiritualists—have also to be acknowledged.

OLD AND NEW SONGS

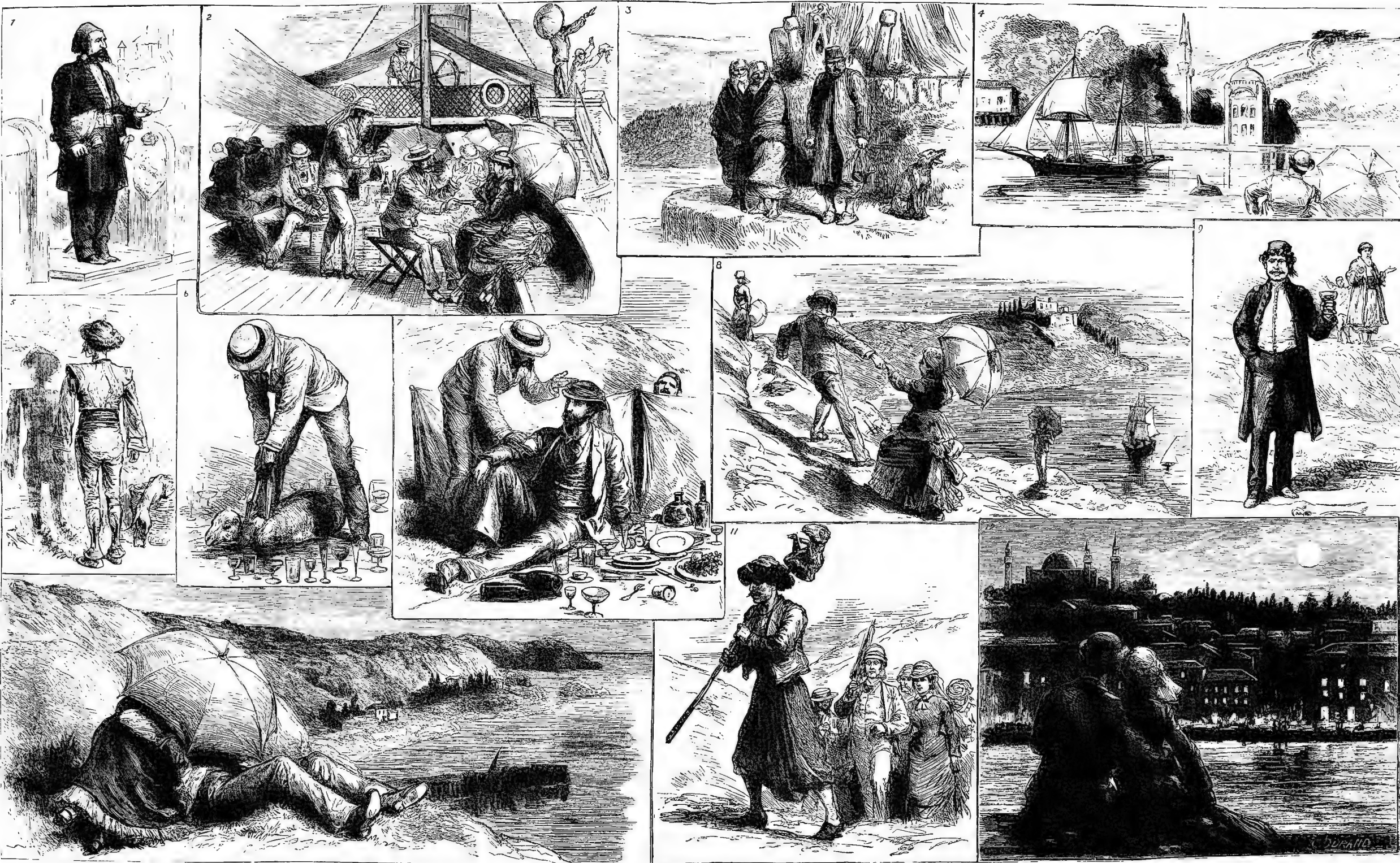
IF popular songs—I mean those commonly sung, not the compositions of the poets—be an indication of the national mood and sentiment, what a marvellous revolution has taken place in both since the early, and even the middle, years of the present century! Any one who turns over the leaves of an old song book, or a pile of old vocal music, must be struck with the change.

The old classical affectations in love-song writing died out, with many other respectable and aged traditions, during the last decade of the eighteenth century, and Strephon, and Damon, and Daphne, and Chloe were re-christened William and Edwin, and Alice and Susan; but the sentiment was much the same, it always turned upon the charms or the cruelties of some fair damsel; but even when our ballad-monger attempted to be doleful he never imparted to us a sense of gloom or sadness any more than an April shower does; we felt that the cruelty of the lady was only caprice or coquetry, that it existed for the most part in the imagination of the lover, and was rather pleasantly piquant than distressing, that all would end satisfactorily in a wedding cake; or if it did not, if Alice’s heart was not to be melted by his sighs and tears that he would very soon transfer them to Susan without feeling any the worse; there was no lurid passion, no dark suggestion of suicide or consumption, no fierce cries against destiny; he might warble about his breaking heart as much as he pleased, but though all the nymphs and dryads and goddesses to be found in Ovid should prove unkind we had a secret belief that our swain would never eat his dinner with less relish, or spend five minutes less over his toilette. The saddest fate that could befall him would be a life of bachelorhood, and we could picture him an elderly gourmand with pink, fat face, and an amplitude of waist, imparting a gusto to his wine and walnuts by stories of how his heart had been fractured by Peggy’s black eyes or Jenny’s blue. Men, and women too, in those days were more resigned to take life as it came, without too much reasoning with it, or inquiring too curiously into its hidden meanings, or fretting over lost possibilities; men felt more interest in their families or in their own country than in schemes of universal regeneration and philanthropy, and women were more concerned about pickles and preserves than female suffrage and their rights and wrongs, they went to church twice on Sundays, read their Bible according to the letter, and took their doctrines from the parson without doubt or questioning. This was a very benighted condition, no doubt, and we are all very much the better for our awakening, but my purpose is not to criticise, but only to state facts. A placid optimism reigned in those days, a trust in the wisdom of Providence; men were more content with the state of life, to use the words of the Church Catechism, to which it had pleased God to call them, or at least they tried to assume they were, which was something towards it. In the opening chorus of the old opera, the *Maid of the Mill*, the millers sing:—

Let the great enjoy the blessings,
By indulgent fortune sent;
What can wealth, can grandeur offer,
More than plenty and content?

This was the philosophy of the time, and the ploughman “crammed with distressful bread,” never troubled himself to inquire into his rights as a man.

"I don't mind giving the pike a chance if we have a change of weather," said I; "but as to the salmon, I have not taken out a



1. THE INVITATION.—2. ON THE WAY DOWN: AN APPETISER OF CAVIARE AND MASTICA.—3. "COQUETRY AND JEALOUSY;" THE EFFECTS OF WAVING OUR HANDKERCHIEFS FROM THE BOAT.—4. A QUIET CHAT ON THE WAY.—5. FATAL CONSEQUENCES OF PUTTING OUR SERVANT INTO NEW LIVERY.—6. SKILFUL CARVING OF THE PIECE DE RESISTANCE.—7. AFTER SEVENTEEN COURSES: THE LADIES EXPECT A SPEECH.—8. GOING UPHILL.—9. AN ODD SORT OF TURK: "HIE! OLD CHAPPIE! I LOOK TOWARDS YOU."—10. HEART DISEASE IS BETTER THAN SUNSTROKE.—11. ON THE RETURN: DEMETRI IN THE VAN.—12. GOING HOME: LIGHTS ON THE BOSPHORUS: SILENCE!

A PICNIC ON THE BOSPHORUS

license this season, and it would not be worth while now, as I return to England the day after to-morrow."

"An' who's to ax to see yer license but meself?" replied Tom, with a fine patriotic scorn of Saxon institutions. "Shure 'tis never lave nor license I trouble me head wid. However, plase yerself an' ye'll plase me."

The weather did "change with the moon," as it sometimes does. Indeed the weather *always* changes "with the moon," strictly speaking; since the moon's changes are not effected by sudden steps but by a continuous gradual progression: in short, the moon is always changing. I write this as a piece of popular scientific information which seems to be pretty generally needed.

But, moon or no moon, the next day was exactly what Tom had described as his *beau idéal* of weather for the lake—*soft*. The Irish peasant never gets beyond that adjective; it may be from a superstitious fear of drawing down something worse upon his head; but greet him as he stands in his cabin doorway, while a drenching torrent is pouring upon his acre or two of cut hay, that for the last ten days has lain soaking on the ground; and his reply will be without fail, "A fine soft day, yer honour, thank God!"

I gathered my tackle together, and was soon seated comfortably in the stern of Hennessy's boat, with a pike bait spinning merrily away at each side. But what need for me to describe the whole day's work? One pike taken trolling is much like another—a savage snatch at the bait, answered by a sharp jerk of the rod, a momentary struggle, and then a dull sullen haul, sometimes varied, however, with a lively bit of play as the fish comes alongside the boat. We caught seven or eight, mostly small jacks.

Tom Hennessy was eloquent upon the troubles of his country; but, with the Irishman's true dislike of saying anything displeasing to his friend for the time being, he took his brief according to what he supposed was my view of affairs.

"An' what is it they want, at-all-at-all, the bosthoons? Sure they don't know themselves. No more than Mick Murtagh that had the twelve acres of land on Slieve-na-Ree—maybe yer honour never heard tell of him?"

"No," said I; "who was he?"

"He was the grandson of a man that had stood by Lord L—in the Ninety-eight, an' Lord L—that then was gave the ould man twelve acres of pasture-land, rint-free, for ever. Well, last year Lord L—the man that now is, was goin' to reduce his rints, 'an so he towld his agint for to gether all the tinantry together in B—on a sartin day. Mick, hearin' of this, put on his best coat an' went in wid the rest of them. His lordship sat in the office that had two doors, and Misher F—the agint, stood at wan of them, an' sent in the tenants wan by wan to spake wid him. Mick, the jewel, he stood at the other, an' as aych man kem out, he'd ax him wid a very wise face, 'Well, an' what did he give ye?' 'Twenty-five per cent,' was the answer he got from all of them; an' the sorra' a bit of him knew what they meant, but of coorse he thought it was five-an'-twenty pounds—"

"Stop a minute," said I; "I think the line is paying out a little from that reel; the check is rather weak."

"Here's a stone ye can put upon it," said Tom, producing one which served as ballast, and which he now arranged to co-operate with the defective check as the rod lay across the side of the boat.

"Thank you," said I; "now you can go on about Mick Murtagh."

"Well, Mick, as I was sayin'—but I beg your honour's pardon, but which of the rods have ye got the spoon upon?"

The question was not unnecessary or irrelevant, as I had changed the baits once or twice.

"I have it on the rod in my hand," replied I.

"Then pay attention to it now," said Tom, "for where we are now a salmon's just as like to take it as not."

Hardly were the words out of his mouth, when the other rod, to which was attached a large coarse bait in imitation of a trout, doubled over with a jerk that nearly broke it. Tom gave a shout of "There he is! Get hold of the rod quick, man alive!" And in far less time than it takes to write this I had the other rod exchanged for that on which my hopes, now thoroughly aroused, were centred. But, alas! that unlucky stone! Before I could get the hickory into my hand, the line, now too completely checked, parted at the reel; and my bewildered eyes saw nothing but a flash of silver and blue six feet in the air at a distance of about thirty-five yards, and the end of the broken line slipping gracefully out of the top ring.

I should not like to say what I think the weight of that fish must have been—perhaps I may state it in a calmer moment at twenty pounds, *enthusiast's measure*.

Tom's disgust was too great to find vent in words. He pulled savagely for a few minutes, and then rested on his oars and lit his pipe, while I repaired as far as possible the damage done to my tackle.

"Never mind," said I, "better luck next time."

Silence on Tom's part.

"It was a beautiful fish, certainly," said I.

"No, it wasn't," growled Tom, *Æsopically*; "it was a miserable ugly gogawn of a spent haddock."

"Tell me the rest about Mick Murtagh," said I, desirous of changing the subject.

"Mick Murtagh be hanged!" said Tom.

"Very likely he was," said I.

"Not at all," said Tom; "but how 'ud I be tellin' stories when a fish like that—och dear! och dear!"

Certainly the aposiopesis is a useful figure of speech.

By-and-by, however, Tom's good humour was in the ascendant, and he went on with his narration.

"Well, where was I? Oh, yes,—Mick Murtagh he stood at the door till they were all come through, an' then he goes up to Misher F—, an' says to him, 'Plase, sir, I have a little business with his lordship too.' So Misher F—, thinkin' he wanted somethin' done on the land, sent him in. 'Who are you, my man?' says Lord L—. 'Mick Murtagh, me lord,' says he. 'Are ye a tinant of mine?' says his lordship. 'That I am,' says Mick; 'an' so was me father an' grandfather before me.' 'But I don't see yer name on the roll,' says his lordship, mighty stiff. 'I hold twelve acres of your lordship's land on Slieve-na-Ree for all that,' says Mick. 'An' what rint do ye pay for it?' says Lord L—. 'Just nothin' at all,' says Mick. 'What is it that ye want, then?' says his lordship. 'Shure, then, I want a *reduction*, me lord, like the rest of them.' 'Misher F—,' says his lordship, callin' in the agint, 'just take an' reduce this gommoch back to where he came from.'"

Tom had not long finished his story when, to my joy, the spoon-bait on my greenheart rod was seized with a rush that no pike ever made, and the whizzing reel uttered its music, so dear to the ear of every true angler.

"Bedad, ye're in luck to-day, afther all," said Pat. "Aisy now, aisid wid him; never mind the other line, I'll see to that. Shure ye have all the lake before ye." And so on, with good advice and judicious carmanship, while rush after rush was made by the glorious fellow; now down to the lowest depths, where he was with difficulty guided away from the stones; now leaping again and again into the air, and "kicking" (as Tom described it) on the top of the water. But rod, line, and hooks held good, and after half-an-hour's gallant fight, a twelve-pounder lay beside our biggest pike on the bottom of the boat—"for all the world like Beauty an' the Baste," as Tom remarked.

It was now getting too late to expect more sport. We ran a brace of jacks as we came down the river, and at last came alongside the quay where we landed. I chartered a wheelbarrow with a "gosssoon" to convey the fish to my lodgings, and Tom deposited

the pike therein; but then (he had been well paid for his boat and service)—then, taking the salmon under his arm, and observing with a grin, "I'm sorry yer honour has no license," he walked off with it into his house!

And that was how I lost my salmon. The other had never been mine to lose

A. B. O.



"THE REVOLT OF MAN" (Blackwood), though published anonymously, is generally understood, and we believe with good reason, to be from the pen of Mr. Walter Besant. Whoever may be the author, however, it is certain that he has produced a remarkably clever and entertaining book. It presupposes an entirely novel condition of society. Woman reigns supreme in all things—in the State, in the home, in the fields, in the professions. Man has been reduced to a mere humble helpmate, who tends the children, and looks after the house, whilst the other sex monopolises the professions, and generally carry on the business of the country. The Monarchy has been abolished; in its place has been reared an ideal, called the Perfect Woman, which also is the object of a new religious worship. In short the present relations of the sexes have been completely reversed. Every man is compelled to learn a trade, unless he is unlucky enough to belong to the charmed circle of the *jeunesse dorée*, in which case he passes his time in an endless alternation of sheer idleness and excessive athletics. In contrast with this we have pictures of the village doctor visiting her patients, and the parson trotting round her parish to see her old people; of the country police in blue bonnets, "carrying their dreaded pocket-books," and loitering in couples about cross-roads, and of lady debaters in the House of Peersess hurling at each others' heads all such facts as might be calculated to damage the reputation of a family. A great many irksome and ridiculous consequences arise from this astonishing state of affairs; but the most irksome and the most real grievance is the difficulty which the unfortunate men experience in getting young wives. For, since the professions are overcrowded, and since no woman is allowed to marry until she can support an establishment, the female lords of creation grow old and withered, not to say hateful, before they can take to themselves husbands. It is not surprising to find that they invariably select the youngest and the handsomest men, who are bound to accept the inevitable, whether they like it or not. They let it be known, however, that their eternal longing and life-dream is for a young wife. Discontent grows general, not amongst the men only, but also amongst the women who, though falling in love when young, find it impossible to marry until they are forty. It will be clear that from this condition of affairs endless complications must arise. We need not detail them here, nor tell how the Revolt of Man began and ended. To do so, indeed, would hardly be fair. Nor shall we say anything of the delicate romance between two prominent personages, in which the motive of the story becomes as it were centralised. The book should be read, and we can safely say that once taken up it is not likely to be put down before the end is reached. It is amusing to a degree; it stimulates curiosity; it interests. But it has a deeper meaning underlying its surface than usually distinguishes works of its class. It is something more than a mere skit; it "cuts both ways," and whilst apparently poking very ingenious fun at a movement of the day, is really a very suggestive comment on some curious and unpleasant phenomena of modern life.

There are some books which are aggravating puzzles to the reader, and "Riverside Papers" (2 vols.: S. Low and Co.) is one of them. Its style is of the prolix and roundabout sort; it teems with errors; and it is to a great degree wearisome. Yet in spite of its oracular long-windedness, its blunders, and its tedious elaboration, it occasionally suggests the possibility that its author could do better things. It is composed chiefly of word-sketches of country life, landscape, and character; and it has a certain old-fashioned, out-of-the-way attraction which, however, comes of the subjects selected, rather than of any excellence or charm of workmanship. For instance, the story of "Ruins" possesses much simple pathos. But it is the innate sadness and the human interest of the theme that touch the reader's heart while his taste quarrels with the manner of the telling. One feels it could have been done so very much better. However, those who can ignore literary faults may find something to interest them in Mr. Hoppus's papers, though we defy anybody to elucidate the verses on the title-page: they are hopelessly incomprehensible.

In his entertaining volume of "Reminiscences: Ancestral, Anecdotal, and Historic" (Longmans) Sir Bernard Burke has given us a remodelled and revised edition of his well-known work, "The Rise of Great Families, and Other Essays." The book affords some unusually good reading; is, in fact, one more instance of truth stranger than fiction. The pathetic story of Pamela, for example, briefly shadowed forth as it is, suggests innumerable possibilities, and is full of the charm of genuine romance. Another curious chapter is that which deals with the famous feud between the houses of Scrope and Grosvenor as to which of them was entitled to wear the arms, "Az, a Bend Or;" whilst the tremendous struggle between Earl Spencer and the Marquis of Blandford for an unique copy of the "Decamerone" must always take a leading position in the history of such contests.

"Two Turns of the Wheel" (Newman and Co.) is a rather vulgar, and occasionally silly, account of the life of a shoemaker's son who became a solicitor's clerk, married, became the father of two commonplace girls, and is left a fortune by a relative in India, which robs him and his family of what little sense they ever possessed. The consequence is they lose half their money, and finally come to the conclusion that simplicity in Bow is better than pretentiousness in the Green Lanes, which, by the way, the hero seems to think is an aristocratic locality. Mr. J. Baker Hopkins has written other stories, but he cannot be congratulated on the one before us.

"The Queen and the Royal Family" (James Hogg) is a compilation of anecdotes and narratives based on what the title-page describes as "contemporary records." It is not easy to understand their basis being anything else, unless it were pure imagination. However, in spite of some eccentricities of grammar and passages which hint at a marked uncertainty of thought on the part of the compiler, the book is likely to be popular, because its contents must always have a deep interest for the mass of English men and women, and because the anecdotes are all good, and some of them have much of the charm which we associate with our Queen and our Princes and Princesses.

A touch of the romance of the "Arabian Nights," some of the peculiar whimsicalities of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, a humour akin to that of Charles Dickens, and an insight into modern school-boy life as deep as that of Mr. Tom Hughes or Canon Farrar—these are the comparisons which suggest themselves to the reader of "Vice-Versa: A Lesson to Fathers," by F. Anstey (Smith, Elder, and Co.). And yet while the book suggests all these likenesses, it is unusually original, and is the work of a writer with a personality, and a bright, clever style. To tell the story would be unfair; for the interest depends upon the unfolding of a plot which takes its rise in the remarkable power possessed by a certain Indian talisman to grant whatever wish may be expressed by its possessor. It must be sufficient to say that a father and son, by means of this talisman (the father inadvertently, and the son by design) change bodies,

while each retains his own mind and character. From this incident there flow a most remarkable series of delightfully funny situations, which tickle the reader's fancy, and excite his imagination to an extent altogether unusual. The book is undoubtedly one of the successes of the season. It may be recommended to every one who can enjoy spontaneous fun, an extremely interesting story, and a lively literary style.

Nothing from Mark Twain's pen could be entirely without the arrowy wit and broad and irreverent folly which, together with his keen feeling for incongruities, are the characteristics of his talent. But "The Stolen White Elephant" is a sad falling-off from the works which have made Mr. Clemens' reputation in two continents. The racy comedy of his better works degenerates in this to very ordinary farce, and in the place of the spontaneous laughter which we could not withhold from "The Tramp Abroad," we are now beguiled of at best a feeble smile. "The Stolen White Elephant" is the funniest story, "The Recent Carnival of Crime in Connecticut" the most out of Mr. Clemens' usual line, and not by any means the worst; but what slight humour there may be in "The Invalid's Story" is quite lost in the inherent repulsiveness of the incident.

A useful work of reference is the "Army and Navy Calendar for the Financial Year 1882-83" (W. H. Allen and Co.). It does not take the place of either the Army List or the Navy List, but it contains a quantity of information on subjects connected with both services which is not, so far as we are aware, to be found anywhere else in so convenient a form.

"Eighteenth Century Essays" is the title of one of the latest volumes added to Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.'s exquisite Parchment Library. When it is said that the task of selection has been entrusted to Mr. Austin Dobson (who furnishes also a short introductory essay), it will be seen that the work has been done by most competent hands, and few old favourites will be missed from this collection.

Four volumes of some merit and usefulness we must dismiss with but few words. "Cardinal Newman: the Story of his Life" (Houghton and Co., Birmingham), is an able sketch by Mr. Henry J. Jennings, who has succeeded in expressing his own views without being offensive to any one, much less to the Roman Catholics, to whose Communion he does not belong. A timely and suggestive little work—"Kilkee" (Bemrose and Son), is a pleasant story, with a religious tendency, for children, by Eliza Kerr, whose previous works in this direction are popular.—A new and revised edition of Mr. E. Gregson Banner's "Wholesome Houses" has been issued by Mr. Stanford. It is veritably a handbook of domestic sanitation and ventilation, well illustrated, clear, sensible, and concise. A feature of the new issue is a chapter on the ventilation of rooms and railway carriages.—Finally we have received a new and revised edition of "The Guide to Employment in the Civil Service" (Cassell), an admirable and useful compilation, with an introductory note by Mr. J. D. Morell, LL.D.

Of the following books we have space to say but little. The merits of Baedeker's Guides are so well known that they now need no fresh commendation from a reviewer. It is enough to say, therefore, of the eighth remodelled edition of "The Rhine from Rotterdam to Constance" (Leipsic: Karl Baedeker; London: Dulau and Co.), that the information is brought down to the most recent date.—"How to Live on Nothing," by Madame Bouchard (Chapman and Hall), is the not altogether accurate title of a little book which contains a number of good recipes for the preparation of wholesome and inexpensive dishes.—A more important work on cookery is "Three Hundred and Sixty-Six Menus, and One Thousand Two Hundred Recipes of the Baron Brisse," translated by Mrs. Matthew Clark (Sampson Low and Co.). Here we have menus in French and English in parallel columns for every day in the week, an arrangement doubtless of much convenience to housekeepers.—"Progress" (Simpkin, Marshall and Co.) is another of Mr. James Platt's well-intentioned and healthy social tracts, which may be of service to many not accustomed to go to the fountain-heads in literature; and "The Official Record of the Melbourne International Exhibition, 1880-81" (Melbourne: Mason, Firth, and McCutcheon), is an authoritative statement concerning one of the important steps in the recent development of a great colony.—"The Porlock Monuments," by Maria Halliday (*The Torquay Directory Company*), being a minute account of the effigies in Porlock Church, Somerset, can be of interest only to a comparatively small antiquarian circle; but it is the fruit of much labour, and contains some fine coloured plates.—"The Drapers' Dictionary," by S. William Beck (*The Warehousemen and Drapers' Journal Office*), displays research of another kind, viz., into the history and application of all textile fabrics. It is a conscientious work of considerable value and interest.—"For Days and Years," by H. L. Sidney Lear (Livingtons), is yet another of the *genius* text-book, the selection this time being from devotional writers, arranged for every day in the Church's year; and "The Invasion of England" (Sampson Low and Co.), is the latest addition to the "Battle of Dorking" literature.—Some interesting facts on the coal industry, and an earnest plea for additional protection for miners, are contained in "Earth's Diamonds," by Henry H. Bourn (S. W. Partridge and Co.), and Mr. M. Archer contends in his biography, "William Hedley," that to this Newcastle engineer should be given the credit of the invention of the locomotive upon its present principle.

HORA E SEMPRE!

SONNET

BY THE EARL OF ROSSLYN

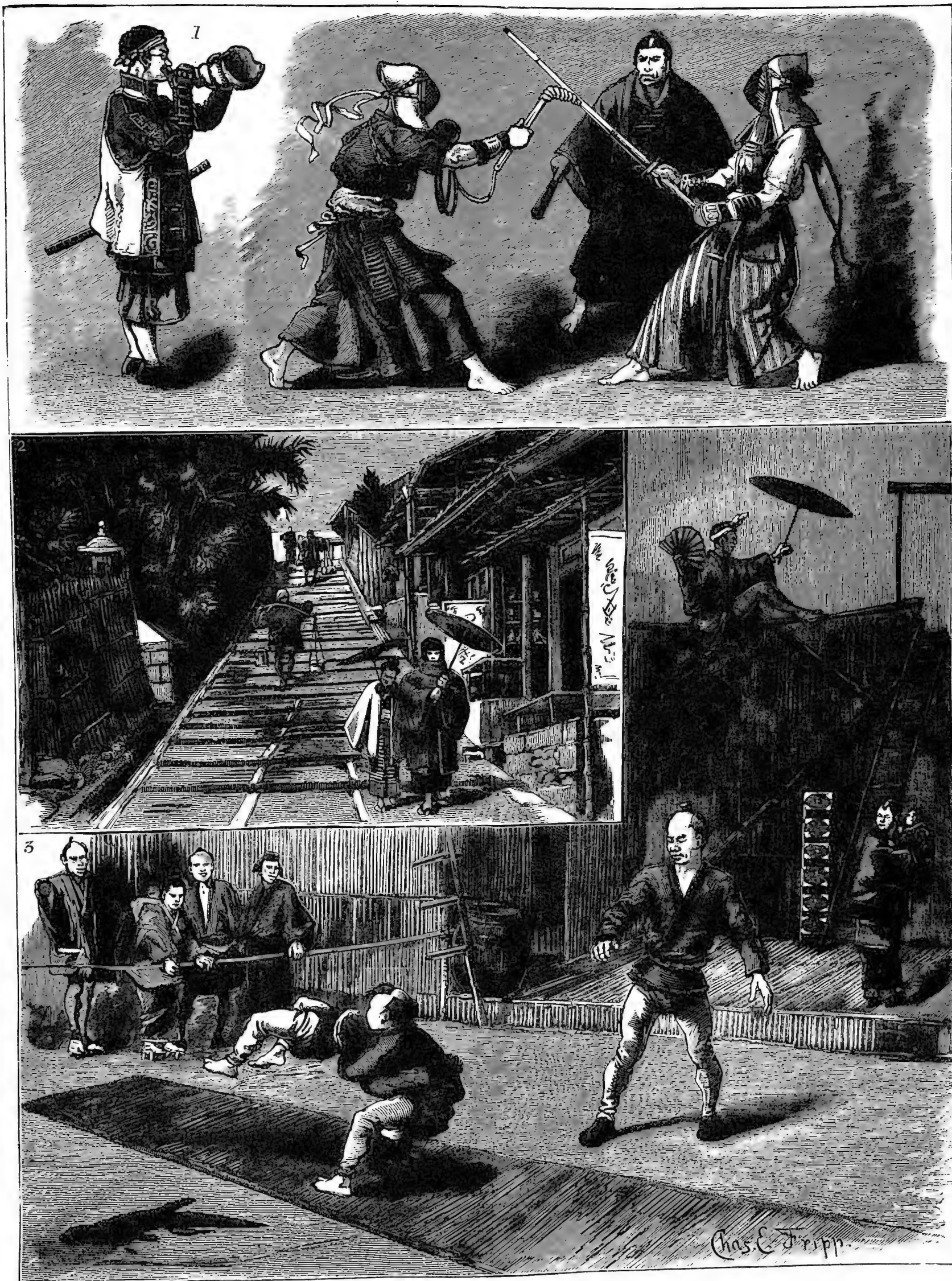
HORA E SEMPRE! when the morn of Life
Bursts from rose-tinted clouds in Eastern skies,
And all the promise of their radiant dyes
With hope, and mirth, and revelry is rife!
Hora e sempre! when our manhood's strife
Wrestles within, and sterner Duty tries
The heart's wild passion, with grey pitiless eyes,
And cuts it from us with relentless knife!
Hora e sempre! every moment shows
The need for action or for earnest will,
For patient suffering, or bright sympathy.
That scornful self with generous impulse glows;
And when our sun sets calm and cold and still
Hora e sempre in Eternity!

ANCIENT RECORDS OF POPULAR FESTIVITIES sometimes tell of streets running with wine, and this tradition was recently put into actual practice at Offenburg. A wine merchant had been convicted of serious adulteration, so the police set to work and pumped up the contents of 400 casks from the offender's cellar into the gutter of the main street, which flowed for a whole day. The poor people were delighted, and brought every available jug and tub to fill till the police stopped them from carrying off the deleterious liquid. Talking of adulteration, the Californians now mix glue with their ice-cream, as it increases the consistency and quantity of the cream at a very cheap rate.



"CONVALESCENT"

DRAWN BY ARTHUR HOPKINS



1. Fencing: "Uno" v. Sword.—2. A Street of Steps.—3. An Acrobatic Performance.
ROUND THE WORLD YACHTING IN THE "CEYLON," XXI.—JAPAN
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. C. E. FRIPP



THE BOMBARDMENT OF ALEXANDRIA.—Egypt has now learned to her cost that the British naval demonstration is no mere empty parade, and the continued obstinacy of Arabi and his party has led to the most important naval action in which England has been engaged within the last quarter of a century. Handled with admirable tact and foresight, the British squadron speedily destroyed the sea defences of Alexandria, with but little injury to itself; though the Egyptian gunners showed far better fight than had been expected. To give, however, a brief history of the course of events. Admiral Seymour's formal communication, requesting the immediate stoppage of all defensive works under the penalty of bombardment, was duly answered at the end of last week by a decided assurance from the Egyptian Government that no such works were going on, appeal being made to the admiral's humanity to abstain from hostile action. This communication was followed by a joint letter from the foreign Consuls at Alexandria, asking Admiral Seymour whether he was satisfied with the Egyptian reply, pointing out the injury likely to result to European property by a bombardment, and offering to use their good offices to obtain further pacific assurances from the Government. As by that time the admiral was tolerably certain that the Egyptian Government's promises were as worthless as ever, he sent back a polite and somewhat satirical reply to the Consuls, and kept a sharp watch on the fortifications by means of secret land reconnaissances and the electric light. The Sultan also telegraphed to Alexandria, directing that the works should be stopped immediately, and warning the Khédive and the Ministry that he held them responsible for the consequences. Nevertheless the arming of the forts continued; and while the electric light from the *Alexandra* plainly showed the soldiers busily at work by night, Lieutenant Smith-Dorrien, of the flagship *Invincible*, when sent on shore on Sunday morning, found similar preparations going on in several quarters. This decided the situation. Admiral Seymour called a council of war on board his yacht, the *Helicon*, and determined to send an ultimatum to the Ministry, after allowing sufficient time for the Europeans still left in Alexandria to get off in safety. Accordingly another exodus took place, even the natives showing signs of panic, and sending off their women and children to take refuge in the interior: while the foreign Consuls officially warned their countrymen to leave without delay. Sir Auckland Colvin and the acting British Consul-General, Mr. Cartwright, went to the Khédive to persuade him to come on board a British war vessel, but Tewfik, who has acted with unexpected courage throughout, firmly refused to leave his country in the hour of danger, and the British officials, having seen that none of their compatriots remained in the city, took up their quarters with the Consular Staff on board the Peninsular and Oriental Company's vessel *Tanjore*. No sign of submission being given by the Egyptians, and the Europeans being in safety, Admiral Seymour despatched his ultimatum at daybreak on Monday morning, stating that, unless the forts were surrendered in twenty-four hours' time for the purpose of disarmament, the defences would be bombarded. Apparently the ultimatum did not reach the Ministry very quickly, for during the morning Ragheb Pasha and several of the Cabinet came in state to the *Invincible* to inquire the reason of the hostile preparations, and were greatly disconcerted at learning the British demand, which shortly after was brought to them on board. They immediately returned ashore to hold a Council, and in the meanwhile every preparation was made in readiness for action next morning. The British squadron cleared their decks, and began to take up their position, while one by one the merchant and foreign vessels steamed outside, except the French ironclads, which went off to Port Said, leaving two small gunboats behind. Meanwhile telegraphic communication was secured by the Eastern Company's ship *Chiltern* picking up both the submarine Alexandria and Cyprus cables, and establishing an office on board. On land great excitement prevailed, and the natives tried hard to prevent the few remaining Europeans from leaving. Two British engineers on board a tug were seized by the Arab crew, and the gun-boat *Bittern* had to be sent to their rescue, while the Director of Customs was taken off with his cash to Arabi, who confiscated the money, and let the Director go. The end of the day brought no satisfactory answer from the Government, and the British Consul-General accordingly wrote to Ragheb to announce the suspension of relations between England and the Egyptian Government, warning Dervish at the same time that he was responsible for the Khédive's safety, whilst the foreign Consuls, as a matter of form, issued a joint protest against the bombardment.

Early on Tuesday morning the British fleet took up their position, and at 7 A.M. the first shot was fired by the *Alexandra* against the Pharos Fort. The peninsula on which Alexandria stands has been aptly described as resembling an elongated boot, with the Eunostos Lighthouse and Fort Ras-el-tin at the toe, Fort Ada at the heel, and, further east, the Pharos Fort at the spur. To the west lies the outer harbour, with the town defences behind, and towards the horn on the left are Forts Mexs and Marsa, and the Marabout batteries. Eight ironclads were employed—the *Invincible*, *Téméraire*, *Superb*, *Sultan*, *Alexandra*, *Monarch*, *Invincible*, and *Penelope*, as well as five gunboats—the *Beacon*, *Bittern*, *Cygnets*, *Condor*, and *Decoy*, and the ironclads represented a strength of 3,539 men and 66 guns. Of these the *Invincible* is the most formidable, as she carries four 81-ton guns, and is clad with armour varying from 16 to 24 inches in thickness, while it is curious to note that the *Superb* was originally bought from the Turkish Government, and thus first tested her fighting powers against the vassals of her former master. Little is known of either the quality or quantity of the Egyptian guns, but it is believed that the majority were 12-ton and 18-ton guns of the old Woolwich pattern, made by Sir William Armstrong, and delivered some ten or twelve years ago. To return, however, to the details of the action. The *Alexandra*, *Superb*, and *Sultan*, being deep-draught vessels, kept in the open, and attacked the defences from the Lighthouse to Fort Pharos, while the *Invincible*, *Téméraire*, and *Penelope* engaged Fort Mexs, at the opposite end, the *Téméraire* unluckily getting on shore at the beginning of the engagement, but being safely assisted off by the gunboat *Condor*. The *Invincible*, carrying Admiral Seymour, and the *Monarch* went right inside the Old Harbour, and vigorously supported the fire on Fort Mexs, so that a continuous line of attack was maintained all along the defences. Although the Egyptians returned the fire with interest, their aim was uncertain and the effect indifferent, so that in a very short time the heavy British fire began to tell, and by 8 A.M. Fort Marsa was blown up, while by 11:30 the formidable Marabout batteries—the second strongest defence of the port—were effectually silenced. This latter success was chiefly due to the plucky conduct of the little gunboat *Condor*, which so vigorously attacked the big fort that the Admiral's ship signalled "Well done, *Condor*." The *Bittern* and *Beacon* also assisted at the fray, and the gunboats next went off to Fort Mexs, where the *Téméraire* had joined the other vessels, and owing to their small size were able to run in shore and shell the batteries. Fort Mexs was thus soon destroyed, and a landing party from the *Invincible*, covered by the fire of the *Condor*, was sent into the fort to complete the demolition, returning in perfect safety. Meanwhile, Fort Ada, on the west, had been blown up through the aid of the *Invincible*, whose shell practice is stated to have been splendid, and the ships were thus free to finish off Fort

Pharos, which ceased to reply at 4.30, the action being closed altogether at 5.30 P.M. The British casualties were remarkably small, five men being killed and twenty-seven wounded, the dead belonging two to the *Sultan* and one apiece to the *Superb*, *Invincible*, and *Alexandra*, while the *Penelope* claimed the largest number of wounded—eight. Several of the vessels were slightly damaged, some of the *Alexandra's* guns being split, while the *Superb* had two holes knocked in her side. Apparently the bombardment did much damage in the town, as the palace of Ras-el-Tin is reported to be destroyed. During Tuesday night the glow of a serious fire was seen in Alexandria, but otherwise the city was dark, Arabi having extinguished all guiding lights. Until morning the squadron kept a sharp look-out with the electric light for the approach of enemies, and early on Wednesday the British dead were buried amidst gloomy, heavy weather. As the wind was rising no further operations were undertaken at first, but the weather moderated later, and just as H.M.S. *Achilles* appeared to join the squadron, the *Téméraire* and *Invincible* opened fire on the batteries between Pharos and the lighthouse. Shortly the white flag was hoisted, and Lieut. Lambton was sent off in the *Bittern* to demand the surrender of several of the forts. This, however, the Military Governor refused until he had communicated with the Government, but he was told that time for negotiations would not be allowed, and that unless the works were given up at once hostilities would be resumed. Accordingly at four P.M. another shot was fired, and immediately a second white flag was hoisted. The *Helicon* then went in shore to ask the reason, and in her absence it was decided that no further operations should be undertaken that night, but that unless the British terms were accepted the bombardment would recommence on Thursday. Lieut. Lambton reported that both the Governor and his suite seemed much dejected, that the batteries were complete ruins, and that the town appeared deserted. The Khédive, however, was safe, being with Dervish Pasha at Ramleh. An extensive conflagration was seen on Wednesday night, notably in the European quarter. On Thursday morning, owing to the conflagration extending, Admiral Seymour sent a reconnoitring party on shore, when Alexandria was found to be in a state of anarchy. The forts were abandoned by the Egyptians, who had made use of the flag of truce to withdraw their troops, the whole population appeared to have gone, and the town was left a prey to the Bedouins and released convicts, who were looting the houses. At the Ottoman Bank a hundred Europeans and Christians had been brutally massacred during the night, but a number of survivors fought their way to the beach, and succeeded in reaching the *Chiltern*, being taken off by the boats of the fleet. The whole of the European quarter had been burnt, including the Great Square. The Egyptian army was thought to be concentrated in the neighbourhood, in order to oppose any further advance of the British. The Admiral had ordered the vessels not to open fire, and a landing in force was being organised.

Foreign opinion on the bombardment is apparently favourable to the energetic action of England. In GERMANY, although it is debated whether such conduct is not contrary to the *protocole de désintéressement* signed at the Conference, public opinion is ready to admit the necessity for protecting the great interests England has at stake in Egypt, while a vigorous policy invariably finds some favour in so military a country. FRANCE is greatly divided on the question, and while the Ministry and their supporting organs advocate and maintain a peaceful and cautious policy, the Opposition, under M. Gambetta's lead, loudly applaud England's conduct, and strive to stir up the Government to similar action. M. de Freycinet decidedly hangs back, but at the same time, while assuring the Chamber that the Government will not undertake armed intervention without the consent of Parliament, he has found it necessary to ask for a vote of 313,000*l.* for naval preparations. He nevertheless assured the House that this vote did not imply an expedition, but was required to replace the Navy on its former footing, and to carry out those precautionary measures which were absolutely necessary at the present time, when all the Powers around were arming, and it behoved France to be ready for every eventuality. The question was referred to a Special Committee, all of whom are favourable to the grant, but mostly desire further explanations from the Government. M. Gambetta is not on the Committee, but took the opportunity of its election to deliver a stirring speech on the necessity for French interference in Egypt, and of joining England in action. Had France parted company with her ally? he asked; and is she to be driven from the Mediterranean by Mussulman influence? This language is widely echoed by the Gambettist Press, whose policy it is just now to laud England unsparingly, and the Government has found it necessary to assert the complete agreement with England, both by Ministerial assurances in the Parliamentary Committees and in semi-official journals. Turning to other countries, AUSTRIA appears surprised at the bombardment, and the *Tagblatt* remarks that "it was not foreseen that England would manifest this energy, which is prompted by nothing less than the knowledge that her future is at stake in Egypt. It was intended to inflict a small moral defeat upon England, whereas now British pride has been roused, and rends asunder the mainsail of the movement that was to subdue her." Even the *Neue Freie Presse*, usually opposed to England, asserts that the fault lies with Turkey. On the other hand both SPAIN and ITALY are amazed at the turn of events, the former country being jealous that she is not allowed a voice in the question, and Italy thinking that England has not kept faith with the Conference. Much the same feeling prevails in RUSSIA, although the press is very guarded in all its comments. Further afield, the UNITED STATES consider that America is not concerned in the matter, but opinion generally is on the British side, and patriots hope that the unsettled state of affairs in Europe will stimulate the demand for American supplies. INDIA is all eagerness to assist, and preparations for the despatch of an Indian contingent are being carried on vigorously. In case of need this force would be commanded by Sir Herbert Macpherson, who served in the Afghan war.

At CONSTANTINOPLE the utmost consternation has been caused by the news from Alexandria. The Sultan is stated to be most bitter against England, accusing her of want of faith, the Premier Abdurrahman has resigned, and Said Pasha has once again taken up this unthankful post, while pathetic protests are passing between the Porte and the British Government. The announcement of the intended bombardment was made briefly by Lord Dufferin on Monday morning, and a speedy reply arrived to the effect that in accordance with the Sultan's command both the Khédive and the Egyptian Ministry had assured the British Admiral that no cause existed for such a step. Similar declarations were sent to the Turkish Ambassador in London, bidding him use all his influence to convince England of her injustice, and persuade her to abstain from hostilities, the substance of these communications also being sent to the other Ottoman representatives abroad. Under these exciting circumstances the Conference has greatly sunk into the shade, and there now appears even less prospect than before of Turkey joining the deliberations. The Note drawn up by the members inviting Turkey to armed intervention in Egypt has been ratified by the various Governments and sent back to Constantinople.

To return to Egypt proper—business is at a complete standstill, and the Suez Canal is virtually closed, Admiral Seymour having temporarily prohibited British vessels from entering for fear of torpedoes. Two Italian vessels, however, intended to risk the passage. M. Victor de Lesseps, the manager, vehemently protests against the British warning, which he styles a breach of neutrality, and alarm reigns at Port Said, where the Europeans are fast embarking on board all available vessels. The number of refugees is increasing enormously, and Malta alone contains

8,300 British subjects, 2,500 being in the Lazaretto, under Government care. Large numbers have also reached Cyprus, while Italian refugees are pouring into Naples.

FRANCE is bestowing what little attention she can spare from the doings of her neighbours on her national *fête*, which was to occupy yesterday (Friday) and to-day. Paris has duly beflagged and ornamented her streets in obedience to official suggestion, and even the Chamber is to adjourn in honour of the event if public affairs admit. Royalist circles sneer heartily at the *fête*, and are delighted with the snub administered to the Paris Municipal Council, whose invitation to their grand banquet has been refused by most of the heads of the foreign municipalities. There will be plenty of guests, however, and a grand review at Longchamps, the inauguration of the Hotel de Ville, the President's official reception, free dramatic representations, illuminations, and fireworks will afford sufficient amusement for all classes. These festive preparations, however, have been saddened by a most disastrous gas explosion near the Hotel de Ville, which killed five people and seriously injured a dozen more, besides nearly wrecking the street. Accordingly the local *fête* is not to be held, the funds being devoted to the sufferers instead. Apart from Egyptian affairs the House has been occupied with educational matters, and the election of a life-senator, Maître Allou, the well-known barrister, while the Committee on Army Reform has accepted the gist of M. Gambetta's scheme, imposing three years' service on all classes of conscripts, except those absolutely necessary to the support of their family. Another military item is the revival of the drum, suppressed two years ago by General Farre, a measure which has given universal satisfaction.

RUSSIA has been startled by the sudden death at Moscow of her popular military hero, General Michael Skobelev. The General had seemed in good health to the last, and only a few days before had ridden an enormous distance in one night to meet his troops, but his death is stated to be due to heart disease—the result of a hurt at Plevna during the Russo-Turkish War. The news created a great sensation throughout the country, and at Moscow crowds assembled before the hotel where General Skobelev's remains lay in state until Monday, when they were transferred to the Church of the Three Saints, and a grand *requiem* mass was performed, attended by several of the Grand Dukes and a throng of officials, military, and private personages. At the close of the ceremony the Grand Dukes and Generals themselves carried the coffin out of the church for its final journey to the family vault. In these revolutionary times in Russia it is of course rumoured that the General's death was not purely natural, one report pointing to foul play at a banquet on the previous night, another stating that he poisoned himself to avoid the discovery of his connection with Nihilism. Indeed the air is filled with rumours of Nihilistic plots and discoveries, and it is now declared that a secret printing press has been found in the Ministry of Marine at St. Petersburg with 9,000 copies of a seditious proclamation signed by the Grand Duke Nicholas, son of the Grand Duke Constantine, who himself has long been suspiciously regarded by the Czar. The director of the department where the proclamation was found is said to have committed suicide, while a further important arrest was made on Saturday near the building occupied by the Secret Police. A number of high officials were found there preparing a mine to communicate with the prisons of the Police Department. Further, the Grand Duke Vladimir has been warned that his fate is sealed, while in the Gatchina Palace itself explosive materials have been found hidden in the warming apparatus.

GERMANY is, perhaps, more interested in General Skobelev's death than any other foreign country, owing to the late officer's strong anti-Teutonic sympathies, but the German military party could not fail to admire his courage and zeal. The Press is not very sympathetic on the subject, and one journal, the *Berlin Börsen Courier*, uses strong language, asserting that "we shall breathe more freely now this man is no more," and declaring that the deep aversion aroused by Skobelev's insults and challenges cannot be mute even before his bier. Apart from foreign affairs, there is little stirring in Germany just now, although the Clerical question is likely to give fresh trouble. Encouraged by the late concessions, the Vatican has so increased and pressed the claims of the Church that the negotiations are temporarily checked, and the German Envoy, Herr von Schloezer, has gone to Varzin to give an account to Prince Bismarck. It is thought, however, that the Government are afraid of granting too much to Rome, in view of the coming elections, as they find the Progressists ready to charge them with Clericalism, while it is hardly desirable to lean too much on Ultramontane support. Emperor William goes to Gastein next week to meet the Emperor of AUSTRIA, who, in his turn, proposes to visit the King and Queen of ITALY in September, after attending the grand national festivities at Trieste, commemorating the quarter-century of the union with the Austrian monarchy.

MISCELLANEOUS.—NORWAY is deep in a constitutional conflict which threatens to cause a wide breach between Sovereign and nation. King Oscar has adopted the tone of a dictator rather than that of a constitutional monarch, and his late imperious utterances have produced a bad effect, and aroused fears of a Republican rising. —HOLLAND is mourning the loss of the monitor *Admiral*, with a crew of eighty men, which has evidently been wrecked on its way from the Zuyder Zee to Helvoetsluys. —In BELGIUM the Brussels Burgomaster has denied that the graves of British officers are likely to be violated, but announces that Brussels will give a suitable plot of ground to which the remains may be transferred. —Education is the main home topic in INDIA, and in the Punjab the Director of Public Instruction has been called to account, as the conduct of his department has lately given great dissatisfaction. British Burma highly appreciates the voting privilege, to judge by the interest lately shown by the natives during the recent municipal elections in Rangoon. —The UNITED STATES are chiefly occupied with taxation, and the Senate is considering proposals for a large reduction in the tariff. The railway strikes are lessening, thanks to the yielding of many of the companies, and a new Immigration Bill to obviate the difficulties raised by President Arthur has been brought before Congress. —In SOUTH AFRICA hostilities have again broken out in North Zululand, owing to the Chief Sibebe having set spies on Dabuko, Cetewayo's brother, who was assembling men in the King's name. The spies were discovered, and killed, and Sibebe is gathering his forces to quell the insurrection. Cetewayo was to leave Cape Town on Wednesday.



THE QUEEN gave a dinner-party at Windsor at the end of last week, when the Rumanian Minister and Princess Ghica, the Duke of Argyll, and Earl and Countess Rosebery were the chief guests. On Saturday the Queen, with the Princess Beatrice and the Duke and Duchess of Albany, made the annual inspection of the drawings and charts executed by the Bluecoat boys. Later, the Queen, with the Duke and Duchess of Albany, drove to Frogmore, where they were met by the Prince of Wales, who accompanied them back to Windsor. Her Majesty and the Royal Family on Sunday morning attended Divine Service in the private chapel, where Canon Farrar preached. On Tuesday Prince Frederick William of Hesse

lunched with Her Majesty, and the Duke and Duchess of Albany left for Claremont, while the Duchess of Teck arrived on a visit. In the evening the Queen gave a ball to the servants of the Royal Household, this being the first festivity of the kind since the marriage of the Princess Louise. On Wednesday the Princess Beatrice distributed the prizes at the meeting of the Prince Consort's Association, held in the Home Park, and next day the Queen and the Princess were to visit town in order to be present at the Prince and Princess of Wales' garden party. Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice go to the Isle of Wight next week.

The Prince and Princess of Wales visited Twickenham on Saturday to open the new wing of the Metropolitan and City Police Orphanage at Strawberry Hill. After the Princess had received the usual bouquet, and the Royal party had inspected a collection of miscellaneous work done by the police, they adjourned to a marquee, where addresses were presented and replied to, the Prince declared the new wing open, and the Princess gave away prizes to the children. They then opened a Bazaar at Fortescue House in aid of the National Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children, while afterwards the Princess returned to town and the Prince went to Windsor. Next day the Prince and Princess and their daughters attended Divine Service. On Monday the Prince presided at a meeting of his Council, and lunched with the Russian Ambassador, while the Princess and her daughters visited the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem and St. Elizabeth of Hungary in Great Ormond Street. In the evening the Prince and Princess went to the Italian Opera. Next day they opened the Princess Helena College at Ealing, where they were received by the Princess Christian as President of the College, and in the evening they were present at the Royal Italian Opera.

The Prince on Wednesday visited the Royal Agricultural Society's Show at Reading, while the Princess and her daughters went to Windsor to lunch with the Queen. On Thursday the Prince and Princess gave a garden party, at which the Queen and other members of the Royal Family were to be present, and to-day (Saturday) the Prince and Princess go to Swanley, Kent, to lay the first stone of the Orphanage in connection with the Home for Little Boys. They will shortly leave for the Isle of Wight, and will take up their quarters on board the *Osborne* during the Cowes yachting season.—Princes Albert Victor and George are expected home in a few weeks. They reached Valencia from Cagliari on Saturday, and left again on Wednesday.

The Duke of Edinburgh, according to previous arrangements, was to have started homewards this week, but, owing to the state of affairs in the East, he remains with the Reserve Squadron at Gibraltar.—The Duke of Connaught reached Paris at the end of last week, and was joined by the Duchess. After remaining a few days, and exchanging visits with President Grévy, they returned to London on Tuesday morning, and lunched with the Prince and Princess of Wales. On Wednesday evening they went to Windsor to visit the Queen. The Duke has volunteered his services in the event of a force being sent to Egypt, and in that case he would be appointed to the command of one of the four infantry brigades.—The Duke of Albany on Wednesday was present at a banquet given in honour of his marriage by the Fellows of the Royal Society of Literature, of which the Duke is President.



CHURCH DEFENCE.—The Archbishop of Canterbury, presiding last week at the annual meeting of the Church Defence Association, said that during the past year very little had been openly done to encourage an attack upon the Church; but the most dangerous periods were those when there was little outward appearance of violent assault. He did not think it fair to resist all attempts made at reform within the Church herself, and he was certain that no one who wished the Church to do as much good as possible for the promulgation of the Gospel would thwart her usefulness by opposing necessary reforms. The impression had got abroad that the Church of England had done very little for the education of the lower classes; but he maintained that the contrary was the case.

THE BISHOPS AND CLERGY, to the number of about 350, were entertained by the Lord Mayor, at the Mansion House, on Wednesday. The Primate, responding to the chief toast, said that he was glad to think that the Church of England was not going to rack and ruin as fast as its enemies wished. It was indisputable that she desired to keep abreast of the age, and that resistance to legitimate ecclesiastical reforms came not from within, but from those who feared the development and increase of her power.

"FELO DE SE."—The statute of George the Fourth, by which all persons in respect of whom a verdict of *felo de se* was returned had to be buried in the public highway with a stake through their bodies, has been repealed, and coroners are now required to give directions for their interment in a churchyard or other burial-ground. The interment may be made as prescribed in the Burial Act of 1880; but the rites of Christian burial are not to be performed.

THE SALVATION ARMY.—The Dean of Bangor, addressing the Central Council of Diocesan Conferences the other day, said that the Salvation Army was an encouragement and a call to the Church of England—an encouragement because it told them that the instincts of spiritual warfare, which were thought to be dead, was only lying dormant in the British masses; a call to the Church herself to do what others were trying to do irregularly, and to send out earnest men of all classes as commissioned soldiers of the Cross, to spread the tidings of Immortality and scatter the atheistic storm-clouds which were lowering over the land.—The Bishop of Rochester, preaching at Brockley last week, said that whatever might be thought of the eccentricities of the Salvationists, he was quite sure that no real Christian would utter a word of bitterness against them. They had got hold of the right sort of persons at their meetings—persons he would give anything for the Church of England to get hold of. They did not preach in a very scholarly way, but they delivered in simple, earnest fashion what they understood and what they had learned of the Gospel, believed in it, and preached it with an intensity that many of the Church of England clergy might be thankful to emulate, which could not fail to do good, and ought to be encouraged.—At Salisbury on Sunday last a procession of Salvationists was somewhat roughly handled by the mob, and their banner torn to pieces. The Mayor, when applied to for protection, declined to give special police aid to the Army, and very strongly condemned the conduct of the leader, who had told some of the rioters that "but for the grace of God within him he should pull their noses."—The Council of the Church and Stage Guild have adopted a resolution expressing extreme regret and indignation at the recent remarks of "General" Booth and the Archbishop of Canterbury respecting the entertainments at the Grecian Theatre, and thanking Mr. Clydes (the manager), for his "manly and Christian letter, defending the members of the company from the aspersions cast upon them."—A correspondent of the *Guardian* calls attention to the facts that at a Salvation Army meeting at Bristol a young woman "baptised" a child, and "churched" its mother; and that at Reading a Salvationist speaker told how in a dream he had been

taken to Heaven, where he saw a number of large houses, one of which, "The Salvation Army House," was full to overflowing, with people singing and shouting, whilst another, "The Church of England House," was quite silent and empty.



ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The second performance of M. Lenepveu's *Velleda* confirmed the impression derived from the first. Though it can in no instance be accused of absolute originality, it is a work of real merit, declaring the hand of one who in arts of construction, writing for voices, and orchestral scoring has a genuine claim to be accepted. Individuality may come later, for it is worth remembering that Auber himself was past forty when he produced *La Muette de Portici*. Meanwhile, *Velleda* has furnished Madame Adelina Patti with a new character, which enables her further to demonstrate, not only her singular versatility, but also her remarkable aptitude for the fresh line she has lately adopted, as *prima donna* in opera *tragic*, which began with *Semiramide*, and will doubtless lead to *Norma*, where a still wider field is open for the exhibition of her unquestionable dramatic powers. In Madame Valleria, who plays Ina, *Velleda*'s attendant Druidess, Madame Patti has a worthy associate; and the other leading parts are competently sustained by Mdle. Stahl and Signors Nicolini and Cotogni. The second performance was a manifest improvement upon the first. *La Traviata* was played on Monday, with Madame Patti as Violetta, more brilliant and animated in the earlier scenes, more impassioned in those which follow, than ever. Signor Nicolini's Alfredo and Signor Cotogni's Giorgio Germont were material aids to the strength of the "cast." The production of Arrigo Boito's *Mefistofele* at Covent Garden was an important pledge on the part of the manager, and has been fulfilled in accordance with the known traditions of the theatre over which Mr. Gye now rules, as worthy successor to a worthy progenitor. About the opera itself enough was said on the occasion of its production, by Mr. Mapleson, at the now operatically defunct Her Majesty's Theatre, when, in the part of Margherita, Madame Christine Nilsson won fresh distinction. It was with a view to the co-operation of Madame Nilsson that Boito's work was advertised at the eleventh hour; but the treaty with that popular lady having fallen through, for reasons which only concern the immediate partners to it, the leading responsibility—that of impersonating Margaret in the first, and Helen of Troy in the second, division of the opera—devolved upon the always ready and never yet unsuccessful Emma Albani, who, in the circumstances, must be warmly congratulated on the fact that she had in no way over-estimated her capacity for the task. To forget the Margaret of Madame Nilsson is barely possible; all the more honour, therefore, to Madame Albani for stamping the character with her own graceful individuality, and, in accordance with a poetical everywhere consistent, embodying it from end to end in so thoroughly satisfactory a manner. The opera is by many, especially by the disciples of Richard Wagner, looked upon as a new revelation. We are unable, nevertheless, to esteem it so highly, and the idea of ranking it, in a musical sense, above the *Faust* of M. Gounod, little as that—a real masterpiece in its way—reflects the original conception of Goethe, appears to us a sheer absurdity. It has much of the mechanical trickery of Wagner, with but a small modicum of Wagner's depth; for it should be understood that Wagner is not to be imitated with impunity; his complex and almost inscrutable brain defies analysis, and for a feeble intellect to follow in his wake is something equivalent to an inexperienced mountaineer who would attempt to dog the steps of Mr. Whympere over some of the most formidable Alpine or Caucasian passes, without a rope to save him from the dangers of crevasses. Signor Boito (who, like Wagner, prepares his own librettos) is somewhat in a like predicament. Nevertheless, there are some exceedingly attractive passages in his *Mefistofele*; and among these may be cited parts of the prologue, and especially the final chorus; parts of the Easter Sunday scene which opens Act 1; the quartet in Act 2, for Margaret, Faust, Martha, and Mephistopheles; portions of the soliloquy of Margaret and the duet with Faust, which, in Act 3, terminates with the death of Margaret; the duet for Helen and Pantalès, at the beginning of Act 4, which, though insignificant in dimensions, is invitingly melodious, &c. On the other hand, almost the entire scene of the night on the Brocken is illustrated by music verging closely on the pantomimic, and the more disheartening from the fact that the chorus and dance of witches, &c., bringing it to a climax, is a caricature of one of the most impressive and masterly passages in the *Walpurgis Night* of Mendelssohn, which to a disciple of Wagner should, one might think, have been forbidden, if only because (Wagnerially) being unsanctified ground. On the whole, *Mefistofele* is got up at the Royal Italian Opera in a style worthy the establishment and its vast resources. Mdle. Tremelli is an excellent Martha, M. Gailhard a thoroughly French Mephistopheles, a sort of distant reflection of M. Faure, and M. Mierzwinsky, when his voice is in a little better order, and more at command than was the case at the first performance, should be an acceptable Faust. The orchestra and chorus, under the direction of Signor Beviniani, went through their arduous duties with unflagging spirit. With regard to *mise-en-scène*, it is only justice to name the scenes of the "Easter Day fête" and the "Walpurgis Night" as in all respects highly creditable to M. Lapissida, the stage manager. On Thursday Madame Patti was to play Margherita in Gounod's *Faust*, for the first time this season; last night *Mefistofele* was to be repeated.

THE WAGNER PLAY-HOUSE IN BAVARIA.—The "patrons" of Wagner's theatre at Bayreuth number 1,368—987 from Germany; 176 from Austria; fifty-four from Russia; thirty-six from England; thirty-one from France; twenty-eight from Switzerland; twenty-seven from America; fifteen from Holland; ten from Spain; and seven from Italy. Thus Spain and Italy may be said to bear away the palm. We hear of no Turkish, Egyptian, Hindu, Chinese, or (strange to relate) Japanese "patrons."

WAIRS.—The restoration of the Teatro Comunale at Trieste is to commence in August next.—The Spanish tenor, Gayarre, formerly of the Royal Italian Opera, is engaged for the Apollo at Rome.—Herr Maurice Strakosch, the well-known *impresario*, brother-in-law of Adelina Patti, has leased the Teatro Liceo in Barcelona, for an Italian operatic season in autumn.—In a duel at Zacatuas (Mexico) between Signor F. Rosa, conductor at the Italian Opera, and Signor Villani, chief barytone in the company, the former was mortally wounded, and died on the spot.—A Philharmonic Society has been instituted by some wealthy amateurs of orchestral music at Montpellier. *Tant mieux*.—Signor Campanini, the well-known tenor, is getting up, in his native town of Parma, a benefit and performance in aid of the fund for the monument to be erected in honour of Garibaldi.—The Arkadia Theatre in St. Petersburg has been completely destroyed by fire. No lives were lost.—Bottesini, the famous contrabass, is employed in the composition of two operas—*Babala* and *La Figlia del Angelo*, the librettos of which have been prepared for him by his friend, Signor Palermi, once a tenor-singer of distinction.



On Monday night the House of Commons gathered as a great cloud to hear the result of one of those crises which arise in the history of the best regulated Ministries. On Friday Mr. Gladstone had electrified the House by nailing his colours to the mast of a comparatively immaterial amendment on the Crime Bill, and declaring that he and it should go down together. When the Crime Bill was introduced the Fourteenth Clause gave the right of search by night and day for what Sir William Harcourt, on moving the first reading, called "the apparatus of murder." In his speech the Home Secretary dwelt upon this with an emphasis upon which fresh light is thrown by the events of Friday. He had evidently other people to convince besides the House of Commons. In the Cabinet, as Mr. Bright had made known, there had been much consultation on this point. When the Bill was first drafted it did not contain this clause. It was put in at a subsequent consultation, and, finally, when the Bill had been in Committee for some time, Mr. Gladstone announced that, acting on the inspiration of the Lord Lieutenant, the Clause would be modified to the extent that the right of search by night would be abandoned. It was noted at the time that this announcement was made under peculiar circumstances. It was on a Friday, and during the morning sitting the Home Secretary had as usual been in charge of the Bill. When the sitting was resumed at nine o'clock the Home Secretary was absent, and in his place was Mr. Gladstone in dinner dress. Why he should have thus submitted to the inconvenience of running away before his dinner could well have been finished was remarked upon at the time, though it was not guessed that here was the beginning of a political crisis that should in due course burst over a bewildered House of Commons and an astonished country.

Exactly a fortnight after the little incident of the Premier's taking the Bill out of Sir William Harcourt's hands the question of search by night came up again. It was on the Report stage, and a motion to place the Clause in the position it originally occupied was moved from the Whig benches by Mr. Cartwright. There has been much conflicting statement as to how far the two sides of the House were fully warned of the crisis. It is said that Liberals were invited and would not come, whilst an attempt is made to modify the situation by the not improbable declaration that they are invited so often for urgent occasions that they have come to disregard the Whip. Whatever might be the case with respect to the Ministerialists, Conservatives had been invited, and had come. Their full strength was present, and what with abstentions from the Land Leaguers who sat in the gallery and grinned at the expense of Ministers, what with the absence of something like a hundred Liberals, and what with the active coalition of over a score of Whigs, the Conservatives mustered a majority of thirteen in a full House.

Ordinarily on an amendment of this kind, which simply replaced the Bill in the position in which it had been introduced, this incident, though not pleasant to Ministers, would not have been of very much moment. They had been in two minds, and the House of Commons had obliged them by assisting them to a decision. But Mr. Gladstone, evidently irritated by overwork and vexation at the discovery of the cabal on his own side, had hotly declared if the amendment were carried he would have to reconsider his personal position. That meant only one thing—that he would resign if the amendment were carried. The amendment was carried, and the House hung breathless on the words of the Premier as he slowly rose and stood at the table when the figures were announced. But he had then only to say that in the circumstances of Ireland no interruption would take place in furthering the Bill, though, he added, this statement was made without prejudice to any determination the Government might arrive at on the question of resignation. So Friday passed, for the rest in quietness, and the Crime Bill was read a third time and handed over to the Lords.

By Monday, before the Premier rose, it was everywhere known that the crisis was over. There would be no resignation, and the chief matter of interest now was how the Premier would get out of his difficulty. It is everywhere admitted that he did it very well. The position was one in which the fewer words one said the less is the danger incurred. The Premier was surprisingly brief, and had the incidental advantage of the opportunity to make a statement on another subject, the interest of which overshadowed even a Ministerial crisis. Had he only fulfilled the duty of stating the intentions of the Government in respect to the proceeding of Friday he would certainly have been followed by some one from the other side. Mr. Gorst, for example, would not have let such a favourable opportunity pass without saying a few pleasant things. But what Mr. Gladstone had to say absorbed attention, to the exclusion of everything else. Reminding the House that it had now reached the 10th of July, he proceeded to consider the business of the Session. Of this he disposed with sufficient rapidity, and of the Bills mentioned in the Queen's Speech (with the exception of the Irish legislation) only one, the Corrupt Practices Bill, would be passed. The amendment of the Land Act, foreshadowed in various questions and answers during the Session, would be abandoned till next year.

Whilst the Premier was speaking there was one thought in every mind. What about the Procedure Rules, and when? The Procedure Rules would, he continued, be proceeded with in an Autumn Session, to be held in the latter end of October. The announcement was received with loud cheering from the Liberals and much groaning on the Conservative Benches. An Autumn Session is no great joy to men who have borne the heat and burden of such ordinary Sessions as are now endured. But beyond this personal inconvenience was the conviction borne in upon Conservatives that in October Mr. Gladstone would have it all his own way, and might pass the rules in such form as he pleased. Two months ago, on the very day of the Phoenix Park tragedy, Ministers anxious to make progress with the Rules had intimated their willingness to admit of a modification of the first Rule, in the sense desired by the Conservatives. The blow struck at the Chief Secretary also slew this negotiation, and no opportunity has since presented itself for reviving it. In October there would be no occasion for parley or compromise. There can be no doubt as to what the opinion of the country is on the scandalous scenes permitted in the House of Commons under the existing Rules. It is pretty certain that between August and October fresh expressions of these views will be elicited. The Government will return with their hands strengthened and their energies undivided. When Parliament once meets it will know that it cannot be separated till it has put its House in order, and except in the event of some unforeseen incident Christmas Day will see the Rules made Standing Orders in much the same manner as they have impotently stood upon the notice paper this Session. For this reason the Conservatives groaned when they heard of an Autumn Session, and the Liberals jubilantly cheered.

On Tuesday the Lords completed their work on the Crime Bill, which on Wednesday received the Royal Assent. The ground thus cleared, the time of the House of Commons has been given up entirely to the Arrears Bill, which makes slow progress in the face of the determined opposition of the Conservatives. The situation is occasionally made critical by temporary coalitions between the Conservatives and the Whig wing. For the most part these have not proved serious in the Division Lobby, where the Government



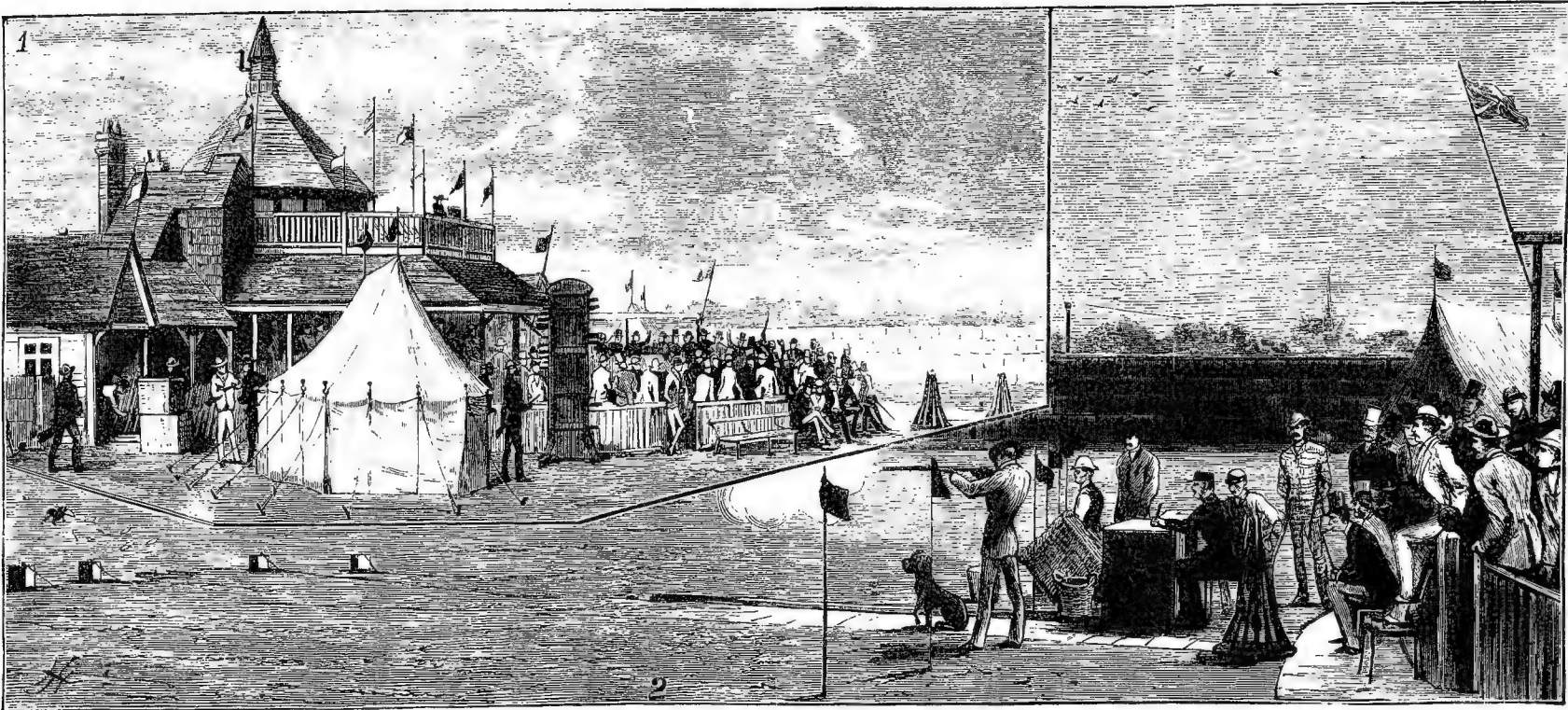
J. H. SHORTHOUSE, ESQ.
Author of "John Inglesant"



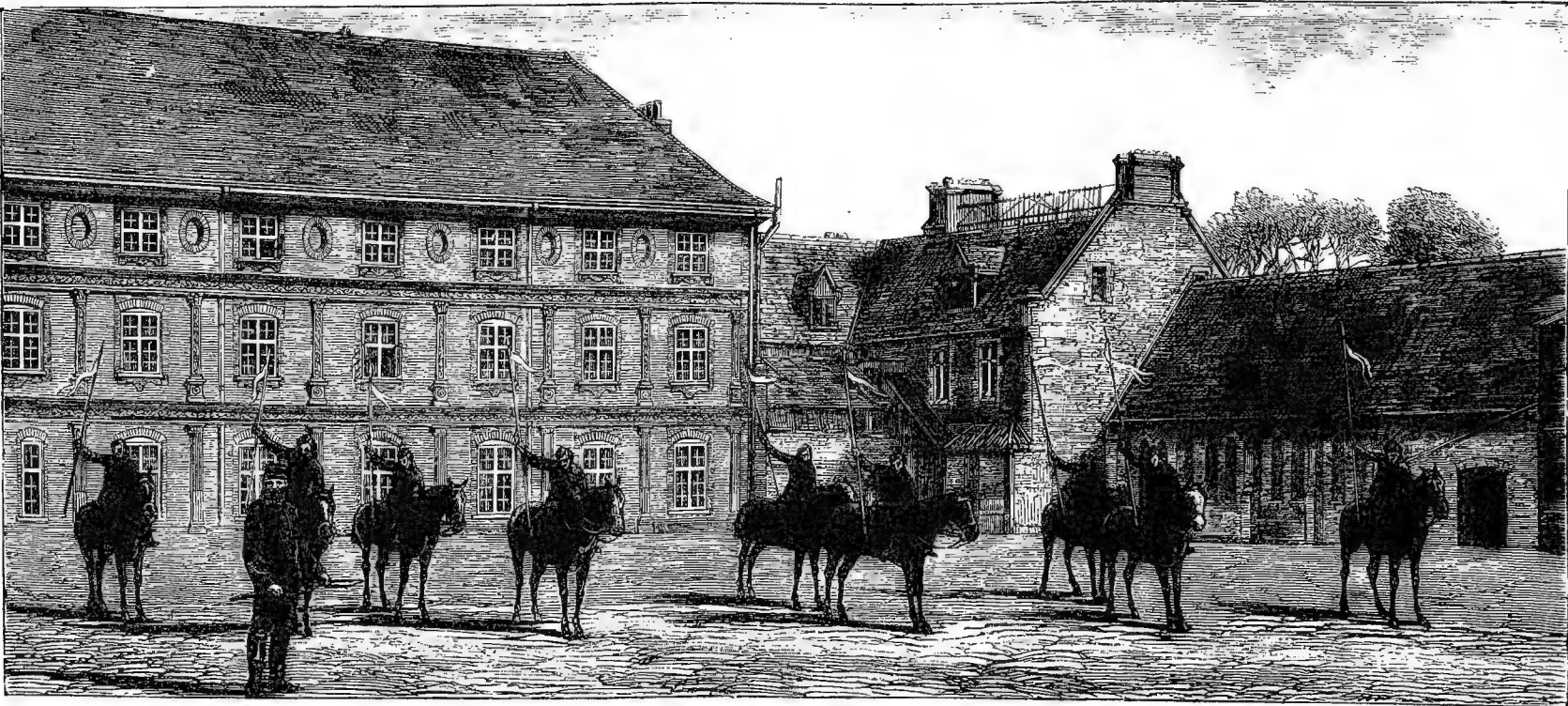
WAH-BUN-AH-KEE, CHIEF OF THE MUNCEY INDIANS
Now Visiting England on a Mission from his Tribe to
the British Government



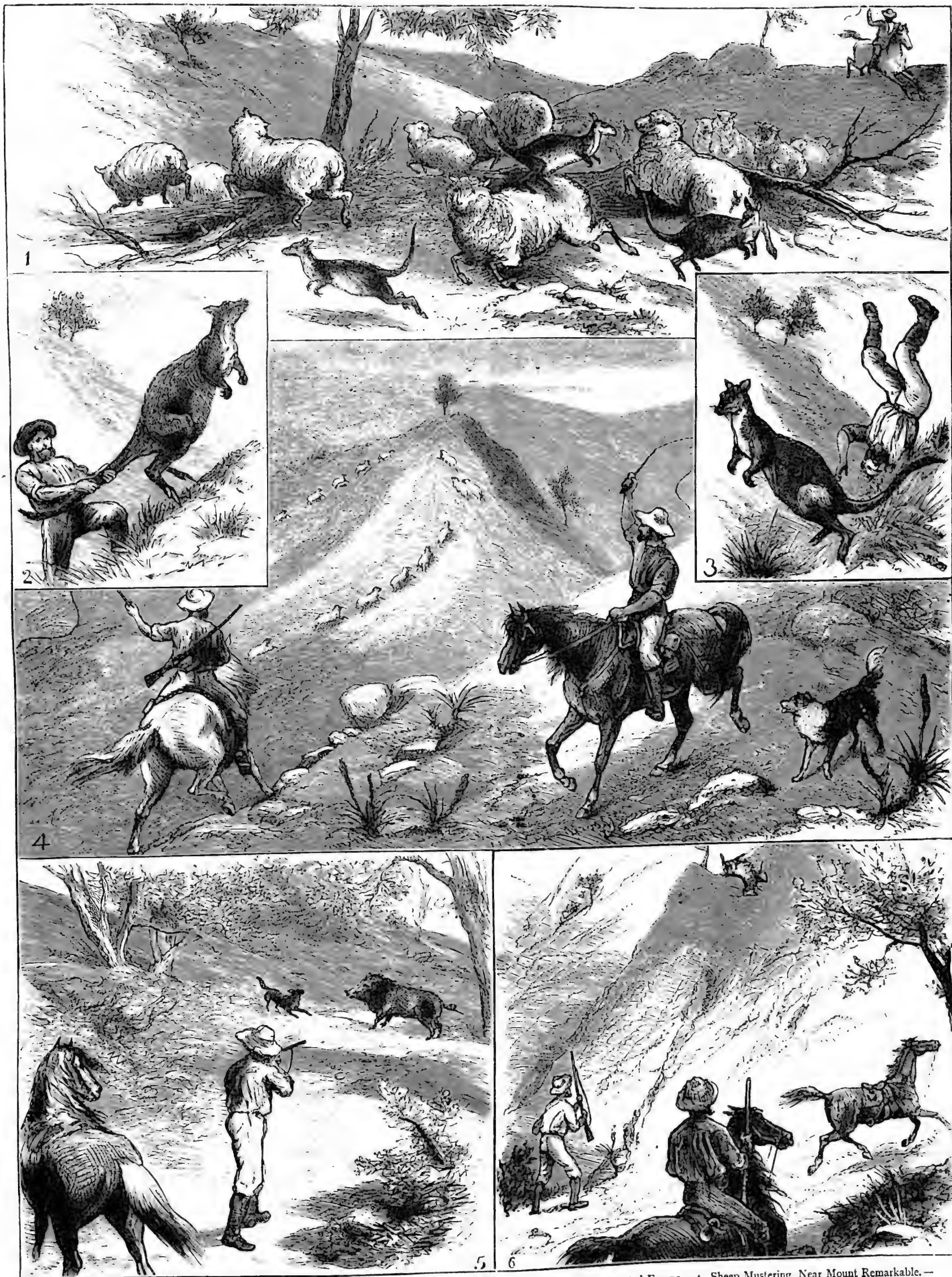
THE LATE CECIL LAWSON, ESQ. (ARTIST)
Died June 11, Aged 30.



1. The New Pavilion and Betting Ring.—2. The Shooting.
A COMPETITION AT THE GUN CLUB



THE MILITARY COLLEGE, OXFORD—MOUNTED LANCE DRILL IN THE QUADRANGLE



1. Sheep Mustering: A Startled Flock.—2. Euro Hunting: A Struggle for Life.—3. Euro Hunting: An Unexpected Escape.—4. Sheep Mustering Near Mount Remarkable.—5. Shooting a Wild Boar.—6. Wild Goat Shooting: A Long Fall.

majority, something over seventy, has been steadily maintained. The utmost that is to be hoped for by the Conservatives is that on some crucial point, probably touching tenant right, they will be able so far to reduce the majority in the House of Commons as to encourage the Lords to alter the Bill. But that, as Mr. Gladstone hinted, may be the means of altering the whole arrangements of the Session.



THE TURF.—Plenty of racing here, there, and everywhere during the week, but the meetings have been generally devoid of interest. In the Windsor gathering Centenary and Gloucester both scored twice. Liverpool was supposed to be the most important tryst, but its chief feature was the smallness of the fields. On the first day Archer had seven mounts, out of which he scored four wins and a "walk over," one of his successful mounts being on that grand mare Mowerina, who won the Molyneux Cup, and another on Keelrow, who beat the favourite, Lucerne, and four others in the Mersey Stakes. Once more the everlasting Tower and Sword was to the fore, winning the Lancaster Welter, and walking over for the Windermere Plate. Hesperian was looked on as a certainty for the St. George's Stakes for Three-Year-Olds, and proved so. On the second day the Liverpool Cup was, in name at least, the chief race, but a field of four was all that thirty-four entries produced. There had been some little previous betting on the race, if only to keep up the tradition that this was an important handicap, but at the start Goggles, the fairly-named son of Speculum, was first favourite, with Ishmael second in demand. The last-named turned out the winner after several disappointments to his backers this and last season.—There has been a good deal of talk the last few years about young blood stock being a drug in the market, and breeders doing no good at their work—and not without reason. The recent sale, however, of the Blankney yearlings shows that first-class animals will still command even more than first-class prices. At Newmarket fourteen of Mr. Chaplin's, of most of whom Hermit was the sire, fetched an average of a little over 1,000 guineas each, the highest price given being 3,600 guineas for a daughter of Hermit and Adelaide. Of the late Lord Wilton's stud See-Saw realised 2,500 guineas, and Wenlock 3,800 guineas.

CRICKET.—The proceedings of the Australians still continue to attract great attention. Their third appearance in London was in their match at the close of last week against Middlesex, which had the assistance of the three Messrs. Studd. The county only managed to get 104 in its first innings, but the Colonists did not fare much better, as they only put together 136, of which Murdoch made 51, and Horan (not out) 38. Middlesex replied with but 91, and was easily beaten by eight wickets. On Monday, Lords was again the battle ground for our visitors, where they confronted a very strong eleven of the M.C.C. and Ground. The M.C.C. began very well, and when the play was stopped by the rain on the first day had scored 113 for the loss of only two wickets. The almost continuous downpour prevented any play on Tuesday, but on Wednesday the M.C.C. finished its innings for 302, towards which Mr. C. T. Studd contributed 114, Dr. W. G. Grace, 46, and Messrs. Hornby and Lucas 45 each. The Australians made but a poor show, 138 being the total. Of this Horan made 42, Bonnor 25, and Spofforth 28. The hard hitting as well as careful play of this trio was much appreciated by a very large company of spectators; and it is hardly necessary to say that the match shows that a strong mixed eleven of our cricketers can more than hold its own against the excellent all-round play of the Australians. The innings of Mr. C. T. Studd was the fourth of over 100 which he has played in first-class matches this season, and he is our only batsman who has twice made over 100 against Australian bowling since the Antipodeans visited us in 1878.

AQUATICS.—Henley, as we feared it would, kept up its evil tradition, the first day being wretched in the extreme through rain, wind, and cold; and perhaps it would not be incorrect to say that the rowing on both days hardly fulfilled anticipations. The great feature of the regatta was the various successes of crews from Oxford, who literally swept the board of the chief prizes, Exeter College winning the Grand Challenge, Brazenose the Visitors' for Fours, and Hertford the Stewards' for Fours, while the Goblets fell to Brown and Loundes, and the latter, as expected, won the Diamond Skulls—five events being thus credited to the Dark Blues. Eton, after many years' disappointment, beat Radley in the final heat for the Ladies' Challenge Plate for Eights, and Magdalen School (Oxford) took the Public Schools' Challenge Cup for Fours. Notwithstanding the wretched weather, it is said that the regatta was never before so largely attended.



MR. BENJAMIN WEBSTER, who died on Saturday last at the ripe age of eighty-five years, was, with the exception of Miss Woolgar (Mrs. Alfred Mellon), absolutely the last of the group of popular performers who are associated in the memory of playgoers with the melodramatic glories of the old Adelphi. Madame Celeste died but the other day, Mr. Buckstone not three years since. Mr. and Mrs. Yates, T. P. Cooke, Wright, Paul Bedford, O. Smith, Parselle, Leigh Murray, have all long since gone their way through the dark portal whither all human footsteps tend. Mr. Toole, whose engagement at the Adelphi commenced when Wright, enfeebled by ill health, was approaching his premature end, belongs rather to a later phase in the history of the house. Of late years—indeed ever since his farewell benefit at Drury Lane in 1874—Mr. Webster had retired from the stage, but up to that time he had been for something like half a century a conspicuous actor and manager, and altogether a representative man in his way. As an actor, both in melodrama and comedy, but more particularly in the former, he was deservedly popular. His Robert Landry, Triplet, Tartuffe, Belphegor, Richard Pride, and many other impersonations were powerful performances, strongly tinged with that imaginative cast which is the rarest and most precious of the actor's gifts. As an author, though his name was appended to many pieces, he cannot indeed claim high rank, his most successful productions being merely adaptations, but he did much to encourage dramatic literature, and paid during his long management of the Haymarket and the Adelphi what according to the standard of those days were considered very liberal sums for new plays to many distinguished dramatists. The "Dramatic College" for decayed actors and actresses, which he originated, was a bold and well-meant, but as it proved not a very practicable scheme. Mr. Webster enjoyed the friendship of numerous friends, among them many of the most distinguished men and women in literature and art of his day. Of the respect in which his powers were held by Charles Dickens we have abundant evidences. He had lived to see great changes in the

theatrical world, but none was, perhaps, more unexpected by him up to fifteen years since than the extraordinary increase in the number of London theatres of the higher class. His name will linger long in the memory both of the public and of his wide circle of intimate friends.

The revival of Holcroft's *Road to Ruin* for Mr. Thorne's benefit at the VAUDEVILLE Theatre on Saturday afternoon was supported by a somewhat weaker cast than that which was enabled some years since to secure for this amusing though extravagant piece a long run of popularity on the same stage. Nevertheless it was a performance in many ways creditable. The heaviest loss was that of Mr. David James, who is succeeded by Mr. F. Thorne in the part of Goldfinch. Mr. Thorne, who is a brother of Mr. Thomas Thorne, has a good voice, a power of imparting breadth and colour to his portraits, and a considerable sense of humour, but as yet his impersonations are not, as the French critics say, *bien fondées*. They want smoothness, consistency—in brief, that evenly-sustained personality which, as a rule, comes only after longer experience than Mr. F. Thorne possesses. His brother Mr. Thomas Thorne's performance of Silky, the knavish miser, in the same piece, though necessarily artificial—for the character is but a skilful compound of stage traditions—is wanting in none of these qualities, and hence it entertains even those who are not insensible to its conventional artifices. For Miss Larkin—incomparable Miss Larkin—the management have substituted a lady named Sidney, who plays the part of Widow Warren fairly, but that is all. Of Mr. Charles Warner's performance of young Dornton it would be difficult to say too much in the way of praise. Mr. Farren resumes his old part of the elder Dornton, which he plays with his customary force, and with something like an approach to pathos. Altogether the representation of *The Road to Ruin* must be pronounced satisfactory.

Emboldened by a recent experiment on the stage of the SAVOY Theatre, the distinguished amateur company who are wont to call themselves "The Irish Amateurs" have been playing this week nightly at the GAIETY Theatre to rather thin audiences—a fact which is the more to be regretted since the profits of their labours are, we learn, to be applied to the assistance of "the families of men in humble circumstances who have recently been murdered in Ireland for endeavouring to discharge their honest and lawful obligations." To criticise performances of this kind, devoted as they are to so benevolent an object, would be contrary to etiquette, though there is really much to commend in the histrionic abilities of the company. For some unexplained reason—not, we trust, from any dread inspired by vague rumours of Fenian machinations in the cellars of Mr. Hollingshead's establishment—the ladies of the amateur troop have shrunk from these public appearances, leaving their places to be filled for the most part by professional artists, including Miss Helen Cresswell, Mrs. C. H. Stephenson, and Miss St. George. Among the gentlemen, who are all amateurs, the most conspicuous are Captains Moore-Lane, McCalmont, and Somerset-Maxwell, Lieutenant-Colonel Keyser, and the Hon. C. White. The company have appeared this week in Mr. Byron's *Partners for Life and Old Soldiers*, and Mr. Gilbert's *Creatures of Impulse*.

The next Shakespearean revival at the LYCEUM is to be *Much Ado About Nothing*—so at least the writer of the Monday column in the *Daily News* assures us. Mr. Irving, of course, will play Benedict and Miss Ellen Terry Beatrice.

Next Saturday there will be a morning performance of *Romeo and Juliet* at the Lyceum in lieu of one in the evening of that day.

The vast stage of HER MAJESTY'S Theatre is to be devoted next month to a revival of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, in which, among other sensations, "real bloodhounds" are, we believe, to appear.

For the forthcoming romantic spectacular drama at DRURY LANE the management have, we hear, secured the services of Miss Caroline Hill and Miss Lydia Foote, besides Messrs. Barnes, Harry Jackson, Arthur Dacre, and Harry Nicholls. As in the case of the last production of the kind, the part of the hero will be played by Mr. Augustus Harris.

"Marian, the Giant Amazon Queen," did not disappoint expectation at her first appearance last Saturday at the ALHAMBRA. She is a surprisingly tall girl. A man of over six feet in height can easily walk erect under her outstretched arm. And Mr. Holland assures us that she is "only sixteen and a half, and still growing." Her parents, it is said, are of the ordinary height. Her appearance is an added attraction to *Babil and Bijou*, which runs its course as brightly and merrily as ever.

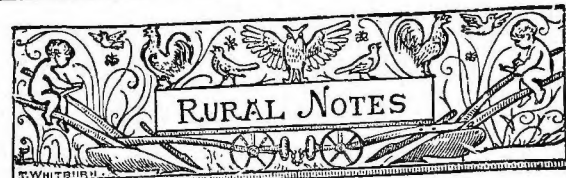


A MODEL SCHOOL BOARD.—Lower Halston, a village near Sittingbourne, in Kent, possesses a School Board consisting of five members (one of whom can neither read nor write), who are presided over by a chairman, one Mr. John Wood, a brick manufacturer, who has just been convicted of no fewer than twenty-four distinct breaches of the Factory and Education Acts, and amerced in penalties and costs to the amount of 27l. 10s.

"BLASPHEMOUS LIBELS" are alleged by Sir H. Tyler, M.P., to have been published in the *Freethinker* during the past few months, and proceedings under the authorisation of the Public Prosecutor have in consequence been commenced against Messrs. Ramsay, Foote, and Whittle, the proprietor, editor, and printer of that journal, who appeared before the Lord Mayor on Tuesday, when the hearing was adjourned until Monday next, it being stated that an application for a summons against Mr. Bradlaugh in respect of the same matter would also be made.

A DISHONEST ATTORNEY of Sheffield has just been dealt with by the Queen's Bench Division for neglecting to pay over certain sums of money which came into his hands as trustee under a marriage settlement. It was argued on his behalf that the misconduct was not committed as attorney, but only as trustee; that no application had been made to him for the money; and that restitution had been made; but these pleas were swept aside by Mr. Justice Field and Mr. Justice Stephen, who both condemned the defendant's dishonesty in severe terms, the latter remarking that he could call to mind cases of poor criminals who had not had the advantage of education, and the credit of belonging to an honourable profession—men who said they had stolen to satisfy their necessities, or had embezzled money in the hope of being able to pay it back—and these cases differed from the present in nothing, except in this, that here the delinquent was a solicitor and a trustee, which ought to have made him more strictly honest. After such a comparison, the sentence of five years' suspension from professional practice appears singularly light. It is curious too that in all such cases as these the name of the offender is carefully kept secret, "In the matter of an Attorney" being the recognised legal formula, though we fail to see why legal scoundrels should not be publicly gibbeted in the same manner as lay offenders.

TWO JUVENILE HIGHWAYMEN, aged fifteen years, were captured on Sunday night at Middlesbrough in rather a singular way. Armed with a loaded pistol, they stopped a seaman whom they met on a lonely road, and after rifling his pockets were simple enough to agree to go with him to his ship to get more money. When they reached the town it was, of course, easy for their victim to turn the tables by handing them over to the police.



THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL COMMISSION have at last concluded their labours, and despite, all hints to the contrary, a capital and comprehensive report has been unanimously signed. The proposals of the Commission go beyond what many persons anticipated, and the report is remarkable among other things for the admirable way in which it deals with the respective positions of the tenant farmer and of the yeoman, or farmer of his own land. On the 6th of July a banquet was given by the Duke of Richmond to his brother Commissioners, and these gentlemen took occasion to present the Duke with a massive silver box inkstand and two Corinthian candlesticks in the same metal. Mr. Chaplin, in making the presentation, was short and felicitous in his observations, which were more than justified by the cleverness, assiduity, and patience shown by the Chairman of the most protracted and important Commission of recent years. At the conclusion of their work it may be as well to remind our readers of the Commissioners' names. They are as follows: The Duke of Richmond (Chairman), the Duke of Buccleuch, Lord Vernon, Sir W. Stephenson, Colonel Kingscote, and Messrs. H. Chaplin, Jacob Wilson, J. Stansfield, John Clay, Charles Howard, Joseph Cowen, J. L. Naper, Mitchell Henry, R. Paterson, Hunter Rodwell, C. T. Ritchie, Bonamy Price, W. Stratton, and W. A. Peel.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT READING has been a leading attraction of the week. Despite the rain, which fell heavily on Saturday and Sunday, the showyard on Monday morning when the Exhibition opened was in admirable condition. It is extensive and well arranged, but the distance is nearly two miles from the centre of the town, and caused great inconvenience to visitors. The cattle and stock were a fine show. The show of implements was not altogether satisfactory, land drainage machines being absent, and there being something very like a breakdown in the dairy implement show. The machinery trials were very disappointing, many visitors coming from London to see new hay-saving inventions which were not tried. The Prince of Wales visited the Show on Wednesday, and on Tuesday the Council of the Society were entertained by the Mayor of Reading at an elaborate banquet.

THUNDERSTORMS have been local but frequent since July came in. They have been very violent and destructive on different days in the districts of Ringland, Weardale, and Accrington. Little thunder has been heard, but the heavy showers on Saturday in London, at Liverpool, Newcastle, Taunton, Wisbech, Norwich, Colchester, and many other places, were of the sharp and violent character of electric storms. In France similar weather has prevailed, correspondents at Nantes and Le Mans alike complaining of many recent thunderstorms. This is serious to French farmers, whose harvest has already begun.

THE SEASON.—Here and there along the South Coast the wheat is already assuming a yellowish tinge, and in the Home counties generally it only wants warm dry weather for a fortnight to be ready for the sickle. The flowering season was favourable, but subsequent rains have made farmers anxious, and we have not yet escaped the disaster of another deficient wheat harvest. Most of the meadows south of the Thames are now cleared of hay. An extremely heavy crop has been got in, but quality and condition leave much to desire. Sugaring, salting, and other artificial processes are being resorted to. In the Midlands and the North-West much the same state of things prevails. We hear from Cheshire that a very large quantity of hay has now been carried, but some farmers have been over-hasty, and the sight of steaming stacks points the need of an extended use of hay-drying appliances. Potatoes keep free from disease, and turnips are growing apace. The wheat plant is not looking bad, and beans are in dense flower.

THE HOP GARDENS.—News from Kent and Sussex is dispiriting. Where washing has been persevered in, the bine has kept growing, but fresh vermin follow it up, and the match between "Growers" and "Aphides" appears but too likely to end in a victory to the latter.

THE VALUE OF WOOL.—The Bedford Wool Fair last week was largely attended. There were offered 12,991 fleeces and 3,117 tods. The Duke of Bedford was a large seller. Prices ranged from 22s. to 26s. per tod.—Chichester Wool Fair was rather dull, but better prices than last year were obtained: 10,000 fleeces sold at 14d. per lb. The Duke of Richmond and Mr. Henty were large sellers.—At Winchester no less than 50,000 fleeces were sold. Prices were rather low, the average of the sale, 1s. 1½d. per lb., being moderate when the large offerings of fine Hampshire and Southdown wool are considered.—At Huntingdon 5,000 fleeces were sold at an average price of 24s. per tod. The wool was in very good condition.

STOCK.—If we except the cheapness of wool, just referred to, the sheep-holding farmer is fairly fortunate just now. Mutton is dear; and at the end of the season farmers will probably be found to have done very well with their wether lambs and draft ewes. Keep has been both plentiful and good. Cattle continue to realise fairly remunerative prices, and are in very good condition.



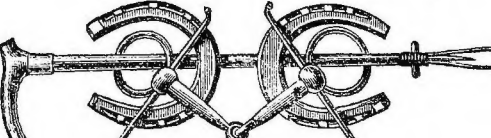
MESSRS. R. COCKS AND CO.—"We Shall Meet," written and composed by C. J. Glenister and H. A. Muscat, is a pathetic song of medium compass.—A simple and very charming little ballad is "Tell Me Why," words by W. Bartholomew, music by "Clytie."—"Hush Thee!" a lullaby written and composed by Cotsford Dick, is pretty, and the dreamy accompaniment would soothe a wakeful baby to sleep; there is somewhat too close a resemblance to the celebrated and favourite poem by Walter Scott ("Oh Hush Thee, My Darling") in the words.—"Tarantella," by Etienne Claudet, is very lively, easy, and showy; may well be learnt by heart for the coming holidays.—We cannot say much in favour of "London Chimes," a set of waltzes by Rudolph Herzen, of which the frontispiece is the most striking and effective feature. Each waltz is called after some popular London chimes, Big Ben having the place of honour.

WILLIAM CZERNY.—Although we are in the habit of hearing again and again the Lord's Prayer "sung as *Pater Noster*," we are inclined to object to that inspired prayer arranged in the form of an ordinary solo for mezzo-soprano or tenor with *ad libitum* chorus—the latter should undoubtedly not be attempted—composed by L. Niedermeyer, who would do wisely to set this melody to less sacred words; it is somewhat too secular a composition for its purpose.—"Charm Me To Sleep," the quaint poetry by Herrick, has been well wedded to a suitable melody by Frank L. Moir; the compass is within the middle octave.—"The Holy Night in Bethlehem," *pastorale* for the pianoforte, with a violin solo, by Eduard Lassen, is clever and pleasing withal.—"Lubinka," a *caprice Polonoise pour le piano*, par P. von Tugger, is a neatly written flowing melody, which cannot fail to interest the player and his or her audience.

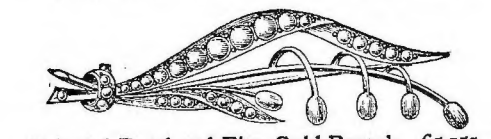
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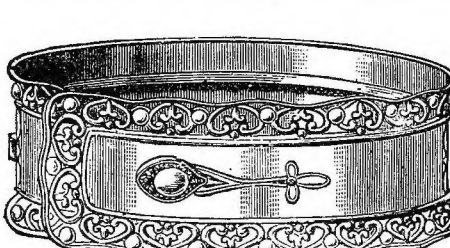
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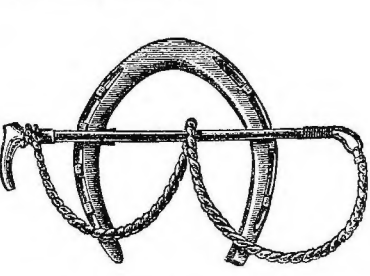


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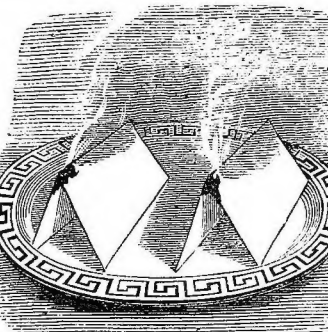
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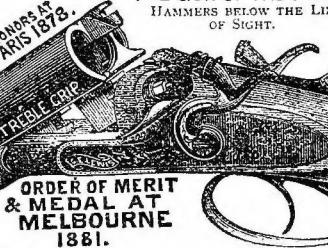
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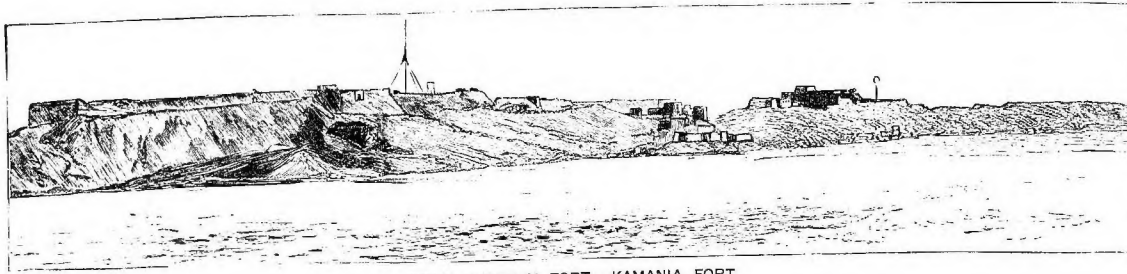
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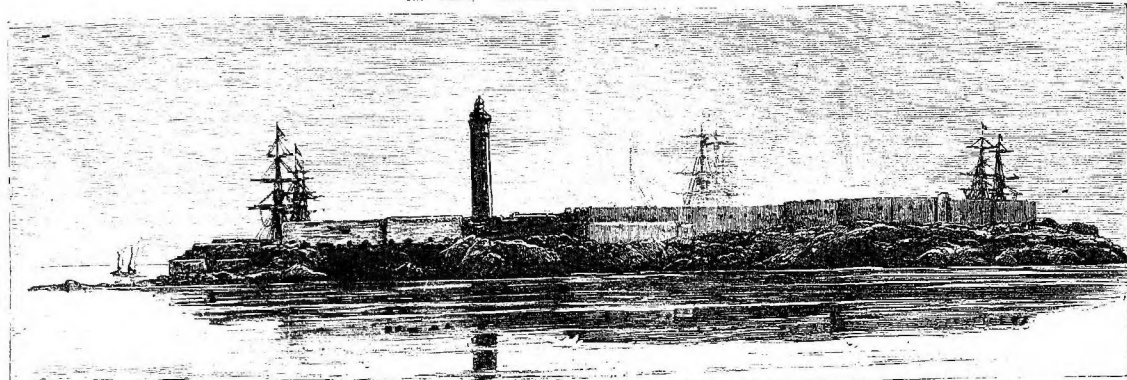
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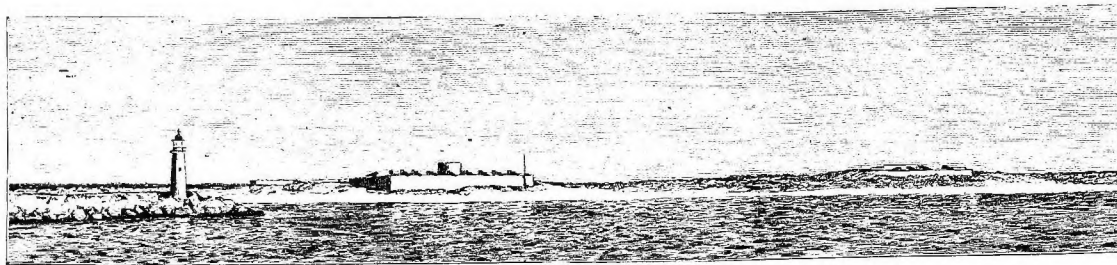
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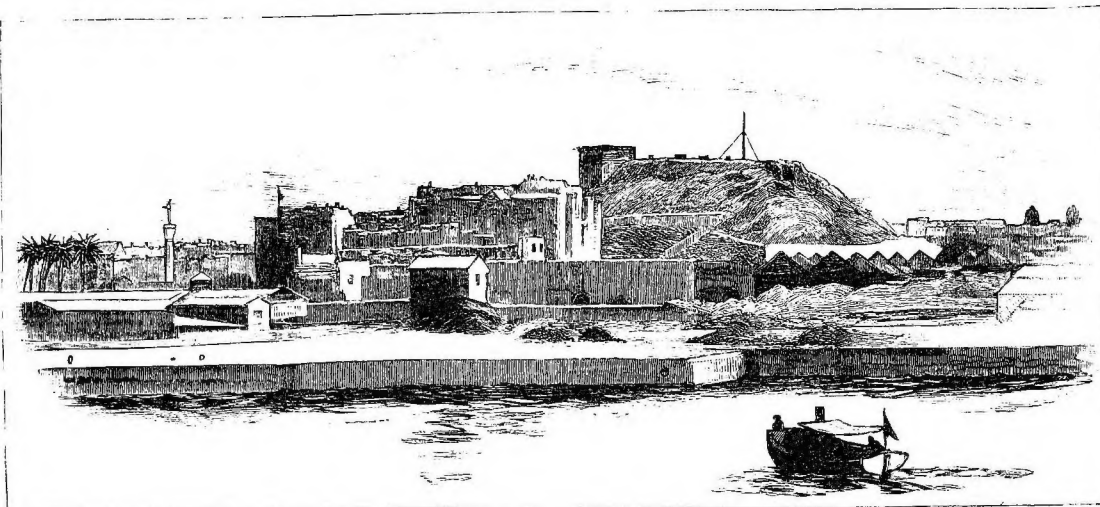
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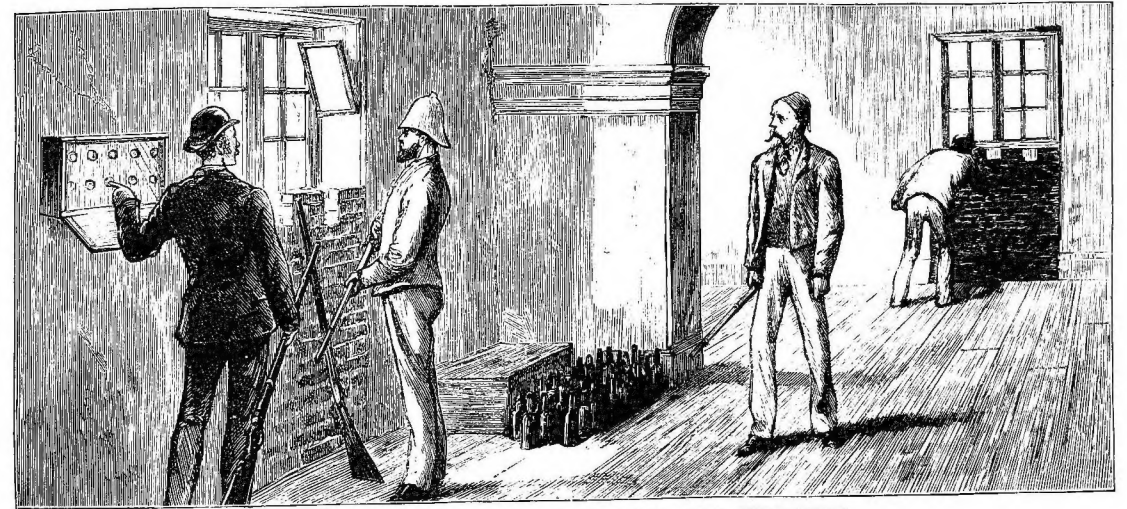
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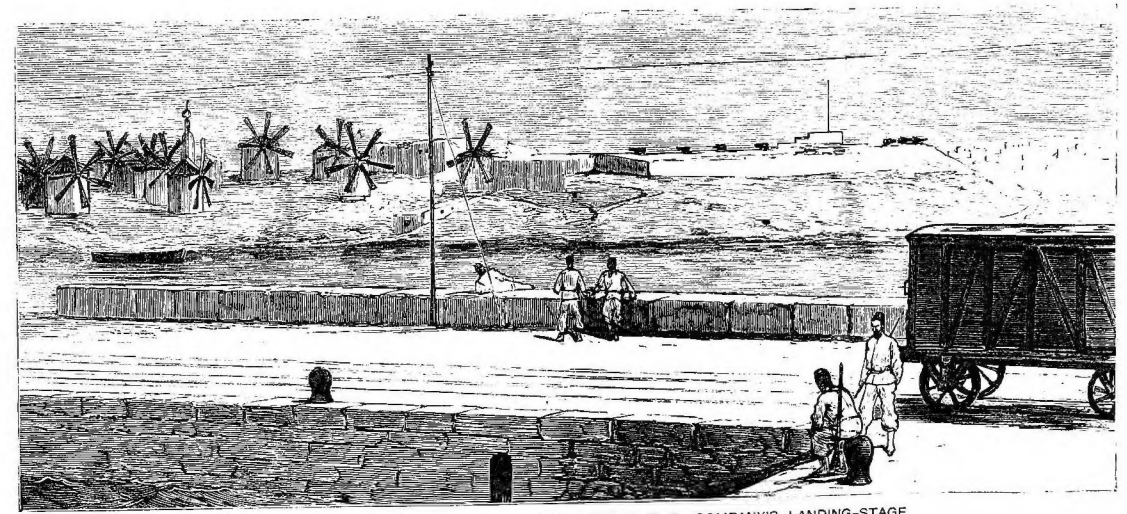
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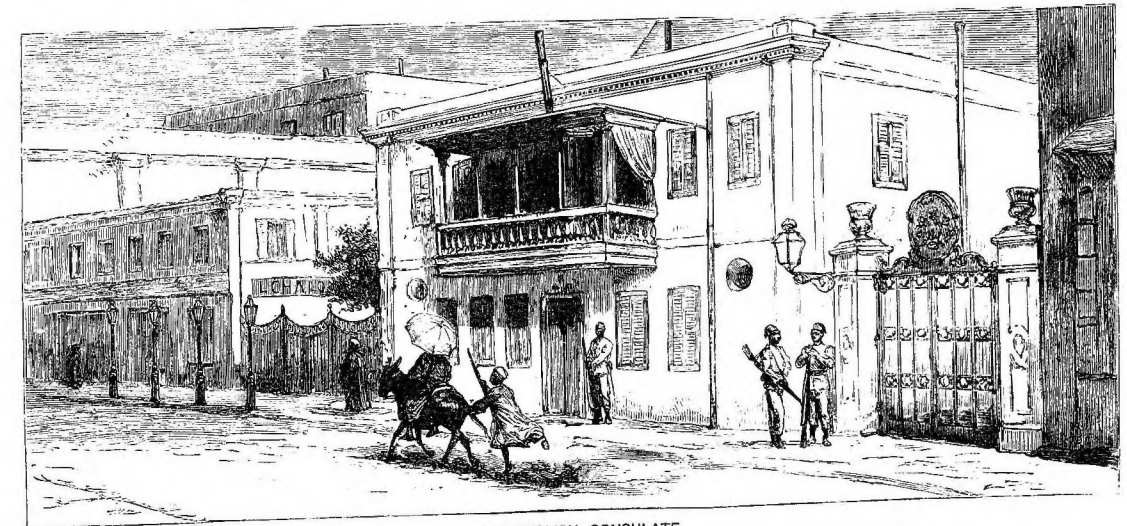
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